

The MESS-KIT

THIS NUMBER IS A TRIBUTE TO OUR GIRLS
Who said "Number, Please," in Our Own Language Over There

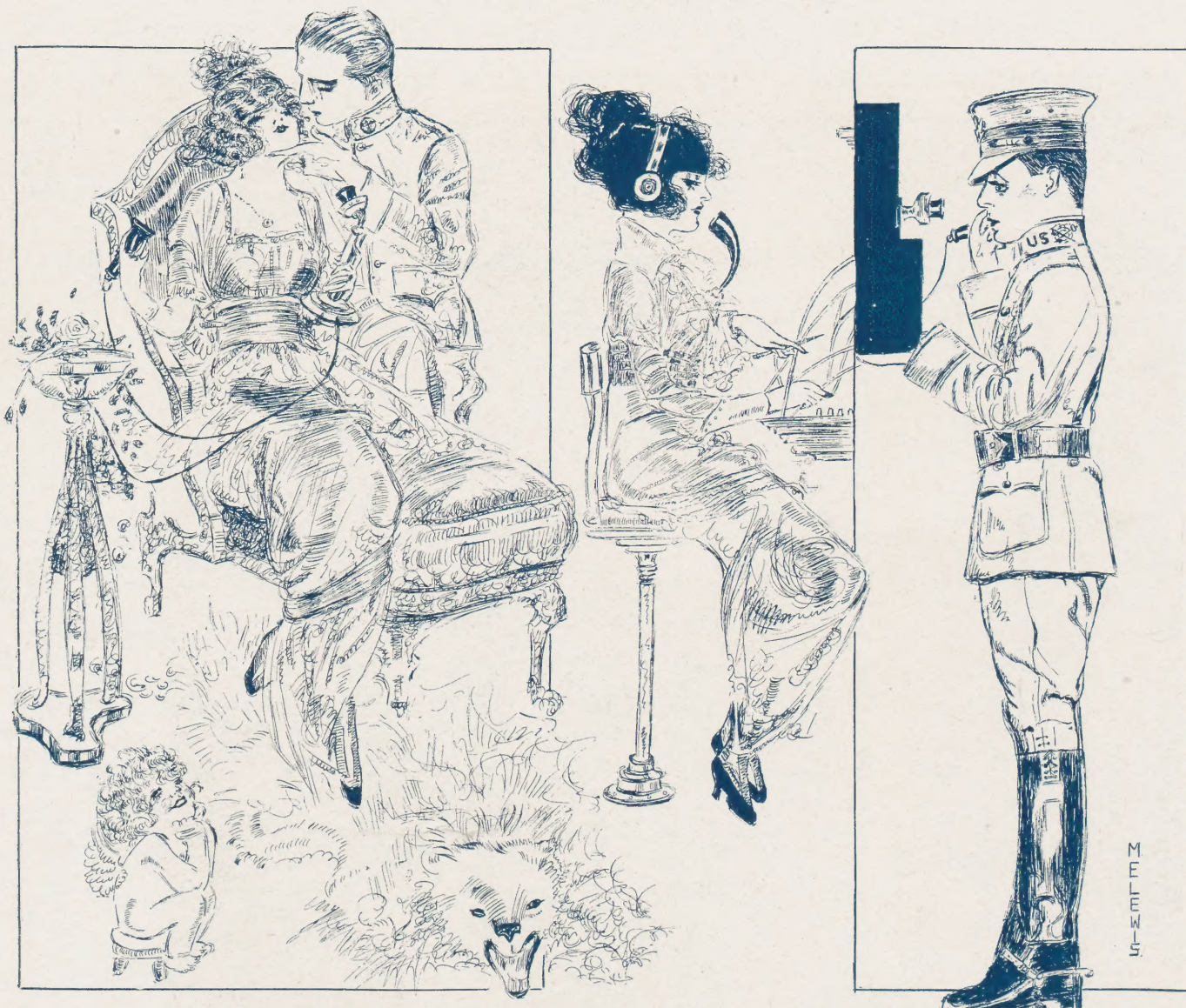


OFF FOR FRANCE

Telephone Operators, both at home and behind the fighting lines in France, were all Volunteers for Victory

THE MESS-KIT

The Line Is Busy---



A HERO, AFTER ALL

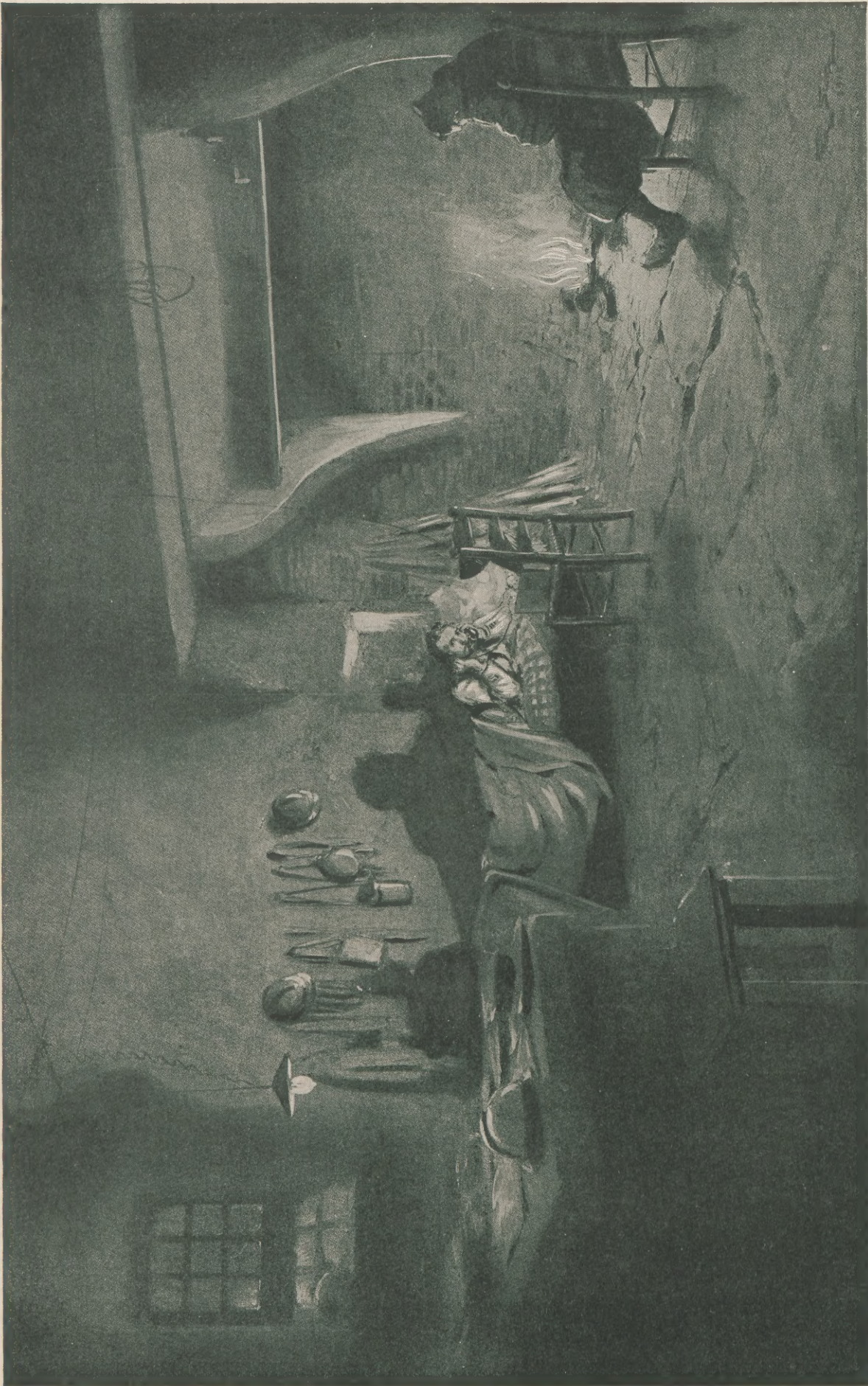
By S. E. KISER

When Dad was well and going strong,
And never had a holiday,
The bills were settled right along—
He always seemed to find a way.
He kicked because my shoes wore out
And at the price of Sister's hat;
But Dad's a pretty good old scout,
I guess we'll all agree to that.

Sometimes when we would have to wait
And dinner would be getting cold,
Ma scolded Dad for bein' late,
'N' I'll tell the world that Ma can scold.
I guess she often thought he lied
When he was tryin' to explain;
One night last week he nearly died,
But now they say he's on the gain.

He's been in bed a month or two,
And, gee, the stack of bills we've got!
It's lucky that he's pullin' through,
Because we need him here a lot.
Ma used to say he had no right
To be a fool, like other men;
She always worried when he'd light
Another stogie, now and then.

I heard her last night, when she spoke
To Doctor Griggs concernin' Dad;
She said he seemed to want to smoke,
And that's a sign that made her glad.
Sis nurses him and strokes his head,
And we have all been findin' out,
Since Dad's been sick and nearly dead,
That he's a pretty good old scout.



A CALL IN THE NIGHT

Telephone Message From the Front Finds the Staff Officer Ever Ready for Action

It is night, and in the shell-battered, deserted farmhouse the "Officer de Service" on duty for the night is lying on the little cot, trying to snatch a few moments of sleep. The telephone rings. In an instant he is fully awake, and receiving a message from the front line, or transmitting orders. By the fireside dozes a runner, in cap and overcoat, ready to rush off with the hastily scribbled order at a moment's notice.

Drawn from life by Georges Scott. Reproduced from *L'Illustration*, Paris.



MAJOR J. I. SLOAT, M. C., U. S. A.

The Mess-Kit

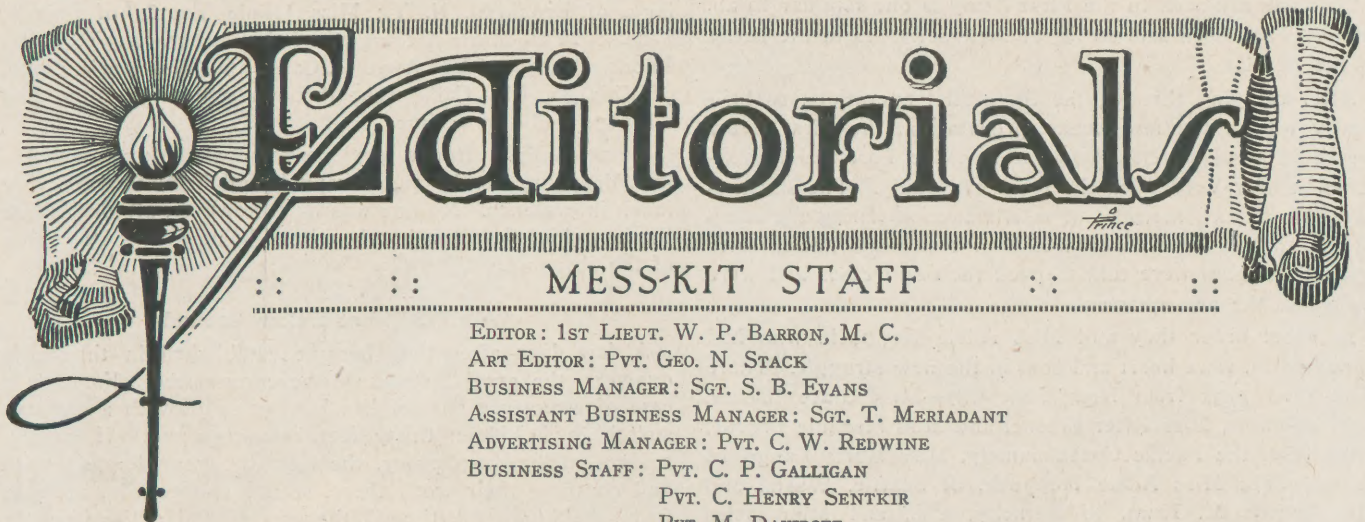
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COMMANDING OFFICER: MAJOR J. I. SLOAT, M.C., U. S. A.
ADJUTANT: CAPT. W. B. TATUM, M.C., U. S. A.

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FAREWELL TO MAJOR J. I. SLOAT

WITH this issue of the MESS-KIT we say farewell to Major Sloat, who has been our commanding officer during all the trying times of the great war. Major Sloat goes from here to the Walter Reed General Hospital at Washington, D. C., to receive a special course of surgical training at the Army Medical School. He will then be transferred to the Letterman General Hospital at San Francisco, Calif., where he will be assigned to the surgical staff.

Major Jessie Irving Sloat was commissioned a first lieutenant in the regular Medical Corps, April 3, 1916. After a brilliant record on the Mexican border, he was transferred to this base hospital as adjutant November 28, 1917. His promotion then was rapid, for he was made a major March 28, 1918.

Since his promotion as major he has been the commanding officer of this hospital and has brought to the task executive ability and administrative fitness of the highest order. This hospital has had to meet administrative problems totally different from that occurring in the usual base hospital. There has poured through this camp the thousands of men from overseas and with them has come, of course, the sick and wounded, the halt and lame which has naturally occurred in the great war just finished. This hospital has had not only to care for these men in the usual hospital way, but has had to meet the problems of feeding and sheltering them, equipping and evacuating them for their home camps with the least possible delay; consequently, this hospital has grown from a small hospital with its limited personnel to the proportions of a large general hospital with the personnel of practically a thousand men.

It has been Major Sloat's task to meet these problems as they have come before him, for which he has had no precedence to guide him or past experience of other base hospitals, because the United States have never had a foreign war of these proportions before or, for that matter, any other war which could approach this one in gigantic proportions. That this hospital has met these problems its record, of which we are all proud, stands for itself. Major Sloat possesses the rare gift of not only being only a good administrative officer, but also has been able to secure the cooperation and loyalty

without stint of the officers and men who were working under him. The result has been that this hospital has been a smooth functioning machine, with every part working to its full capacity without let or hindrance.

Major Sloat was quick to put blame where blame was due, but equally quick to give praise wherever it was merited with equal impartiality. He was the most approachable commanding officer with which the writer has had experience. With him the lowest rank of enlisted man was just as sure of an impartial hearing as one of the majors or chief of service. The comfort and well being of the hospital personnel had his constant care and attention, and it was through his efforts the medical officers of this command were allowed the privileges of the great clinics of New York City and have had every opportunity given them possible under the circumstances to improve their medical knowledge while near this great medical center.

Major Sloat might be called the father of the MESS-KIT. It was through his efforts and initiative that the magazine was started, and he gave its assistance and support in every way possible. We never found him too busy or worried to stop and give us his advice or assistance in whatever capacity it might be called for. We are quite sure this is the main reason our magazine is top hole with the hospital magazines of the army.

Before leaving the officers of this command presented Major and Mrs. Sloat with a beautiful silver service, and I am sure we speak the united sentiment of this hospital when we say it is with genuine regret that we see them go. Both of them are one of us. We fought the battle together and not once did they fail us in assistance, advice and sympathy.

Below we give a copy of the last official order of Major Sloat's administration. In it are words of praise for all of us, justly merited and unstintedly given. Cut it out and put it in your scrapbook. In years to come, when all that happened to you in the war will be forgotten, except the pleasant things, it will be good to take this out and read it to the grandchildren. Then through a pleasant haze of memory the old base hospital at Camp Merritt will appear to you and you

(Continued on page 40)

AMERICAN TELEPHONE OPERATORS IN THE ARGONNE DRIVE

Girls Preparing to Move Still Further Forward When Armistice was Signed

THE story of the St. Mihiel drive and the part played in it by the small group of telephone operators that was attached to the First Army is one familiar to all, but little has been said so far of their activities in the battle of the Argonne.

After carrying through the St. Mihiel operations so brilliantly with but a few weeks' preparation, the First Army moved its headquarters up to the Argonne Forest and established it near Verdun, in the town of Souilly. The six girls who had handled the lines of communication during the stress and strain of those three weeks in America's initial drive against the Hun were told to pack their suit cases and were rushed to the new quarters.

In short order they and Miss Adele Hoppock, who had joined them, were heart and soul in the new struggle. There were three girls from New York City—Miss Grace Banker, chief operator, Miss Ester Fresnel and Miss Suzanne Prevot; three from the Pacific Coast, namely, Miss Marie Lange, of Colma, Cal.; Miss Adele Hoppock, of Seattle, Wash., and Mrs. Bertha M. Hunt, of Berkeley, Cal., and Miss Helen Hill, of New Haven, Conn.

"It was the experience of experiences," said Mrs. Hunt, who returned on the "George Washington" on March 25. "We packed our suit cases hurriedly, drove to Souilly, ready to do our part in the great Argonne drive, which was launched on October 26.

"The drive was a very important one, the object of the Americans being to break through the forest and cut off the German supply line from Metz. But Germany realized the disaster that such a move, if successful, would mean to her and concentrated all her effort to frustrate it. Her fortifications were strengthened and preparations were made for a stubborn resistance.

"When we arrived on September 26 we found ourselves in a French camp that had been used for over four years, including the period of the famous Verdun drive. The barracks were flimsy things that had been lined with old newspapers and maps to keep out the cold. The Y. W. C. A. helped us out by giving us a blanket each, a rug, oil cloth and other comforts. In fact, our sitting room (which we acquired later) was furnished with a piano and other things taken from Boche dugouts in the vicinity.

"Every one assisted in making us as comfortable as possible, considering the fact that we were in the advance area, where we could see the red and yellow glare from the shelling and feel the reverberations caused by the booming of the big guns. The 27th Engineers helped us get settled and made us shelves for our various belongings, wash stands, wooden tables and benches, etc.

The "Fighting Lines"

"At first we had charge of the operating boards only. You know with our advance units there were two types of board—that used for the ordinary routing local and long distance calls, in regard to supplies, transportations, etc., and that which carried all the messages between the fighting units and the commanding officers directing their movements. Every order for an infantry advance, a barrage preparatory to the taking of a new objective, and, in fact, for every troop movement, came over these 'fighting lines,' as we called them. These wires connected the front up with the generals and made it possible for the latter to know exactly what was going on at any moment and to direct operations accordingly.

"It was at the operating board, that we seven girls were put when we went into the Argonne. At first the four men already there—two Frenchmen and two Americans—continued to handle the local and long distance traffic. It was amusing to see them work. When a call came through in English on the Frenchman's board the operator would motion to one of the Yanks to come and take it, and when one

came to the American that he could not answer he would call, 'Hey, Frog, come over here,' and Frenchy would rush around to 'stop the gap.'

In a short time, however, the entire exchange was handled by the girls, with excellent results. Three weeks before the signing of the armistice their number was increased by six girls—Miss Louise Beraud, of Dallas, Tex.; Miss Berthe Arland, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Jennie Young, of Seattle, Wash.; Miss Marie Belanger, of Rochester, N. Y.; Miss Leonie Pevron, of Los Angeles, Calif., and Miss Maria Flood, of Chicago, Ill. Calls went through without a hitch and all went well—for a time.

Occasionally a Boche airplane came skylarking over the line, dropping bombs and shrapnel, and helmets were very much in evidence. No one was hurt, however, although Miss Banker, chief operator, barely missed being struck by a piece of the shrapnel.

"Abri" 30 Feet Below Ground

A few days after they became established in their new quarters, the great Argonne drive commenced. For use in case of emergency an *abri* had been provided with a duplicate switchboard, hidden thirty feet below ground. If circumstances made it necessary, the operators would repair to it and continue their work there, secure temporarily, at least, from shelling. But, though the ground and entire barracks shook with the concussion of the firing, and although the night was filled with glaring lights and frightful noise, it was not necessary to seek its shelter.

The struggle kept up, and often during the day the operators could see the observation balloons on guard along the line, watching for the enemy to show signs of moving. Sometimes, as they watched, a balloon would be struck and disappear before their very eyes. This was war, indeed.

Although the operators had made no preparations for a long stay, having been ordered to take up their new position and to supply themselves with suit cases filled with necessities only, they continued at their posts in the Argonne. Evidently this drive would take longer than that of St. Mihiel! A week passed, and still the fight went on, with the Americans always gaining. Then came rumors of German weakening, the request for an armistice, the approaching visit of the envoys begging peace, all of which was preceded by the fall of the Austrians—great news. But the work went on, and the Americans stopped for nothing. The girls plugged away at the switchboards, thought a great deal, but said little. Then, finally, came the news that the armistice was signed and hostilities were to be suspended.

That was a night of celebration. Every hand grenade in sight was set off, until it became almost as dangerous to be abroad as it was when the battle was raging.

What followed, of course, was the gradual demobilization of the First Army and the redistribution of the telephone operators, who had won the commendation of all for their faithful and courageous work. A few of them have returned to America, but the greater number are still at the switchboards in France.

Thirteen Operators Cited

There is one incident that happened while the operators were on duty at Souilly that excited the admiration and commendation of the officers of the First Army. One noontime a fire broke out in one of the barracks and, before it could be controlled, spread to others, in a short time consuming eight barracks. As it happened the switchboard had been moved from one of these just a week before. Nevertheless, the one in which the switchboard was located at the time was not out of danger and caught fire three times, after which orders came for the operators to vacate it.

But they were only out of the barracks one hour when they returned to it. Two-thirds of the lines had been ruined or cut by the linemen, but they started to operate those remaining. Thanks to the efficiency and helpfulness of the linemen, who never thought any work too hard, the lines were restored in a few hours and the work of communication went on.

Later, when word of their courage and bravery reached the Chief Signal Officer, each of the thirteen girls received a commendation similar to this one that was sent to Mrs.



SOME HAND

"The Hand That Rocks the Cradle" has been sung in every land;
 The hand that clips the coupons is another handy hand;
 The hand that holds four aces you may play for all it's worth,
 But the hand that plugs the switchboard is the hand that rules the earth.

—Clipped.

Berthe M. Hunt, and we need not add that it was considered by them the best souvenir of the war:

Headquarters Service of Supplies,
American Expeditionary Forces,
Office of the Chief Signal Officer,

December 6, 1918.

From: Chief Signal Officer, A. E. F.
To: Berthe M. Hunt, S. C., A. P. O. 702.
Subject: Commendations.

I. The following extract from the monthly report of the Chief Signal Officer, First Army, American E. F., for the month of November, 1918, is furnished for your information as you were a member of the telephone unit referred to therein during the period mentioned:

"Telephone Unit, First Army:

"I desire to make of record in this monthly report the excellent work performed by the Telephone Unit assigned to the First Army and operating under Miss Grace Banker, chief operator. This unit has functioned with the First Army since early in September and has performed invaluable service in handling the extremely heavy telephone traffic of Army Headquarters during two important operations of the war. The Unit has lived in barracks during practically the whole time and was burned out while stationed at Souilly. During this fire the only interest of the Unit was to see that service was maintained and that if the worst came to the worst the board and equipment should be saved. A list of the members of this Unit is attached hereto for future record."

II. This commendation is noted with much pleasure by the Chief Signal Officer, American E. F., and has been entered on your record in this office.

By direction:

D. A. BURKE,
Major, Signal Corps.

THE GOVERNMENT ASSUMES CONTROL AND SUPERVISION OF THE TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE LINES

A JOINT resolution was adopted by Congress on July 16, 1918, authorizing and empowering the President, "during the continuance of the present war," "whenever he shall deem it necessary for the national security or defense," to take possession and assume control and supervision of the telegraph, telephone, marine cable, or radio system or systems of the country, and to operate them "for the duration of the war." The resolution further prescribed that such "supervision, possession, control, or operation shall not extend beyond the date of the proclamation by the President of the exchange of ratifications of the treaty of peace," and provided also, among other things, for just compensation to the owners of properties.

The President, by virtue of the authority vested in him, issued a proclamation dated the 22nd of July, 1918, taking possession and assuming the control and supervision of the telegraph and telephone systems on and after midnight July 31, 1918, and placing them under Postmaster General Burleson. In his proclamation the President said:

"Until and except so far as said Postmaster General shall from time to time by general or special orders otherwise provide, the owners, managers, boards of directors, receivers, officers, and employees of the various telegraph and telephone systems shall continue the operation thereof in the usual and ordinary course of the business of said systems, in the names of their respective companies, associations, organizations, owners, or managers, as the case may be."

The Postmaster General on July 23, 1918, issued an order appointing "a committee for the governmental management, operation, and control of the telegraph and telephone systems covered by the proclamation of the President." The committee consisted of John C. Koons, First Assistant Postmaster General; David J. Lewis, commissioner, United States Tariff Commission; and William H. Lamar, solicitor for the Post Office Department, with the Postmaster General as chairman.

In announcing the appointment of this committee, the Postmaster General stated that while the committee would have charge of the governmental management, operation, and control of the telegraph and telephone systems, yet it would be necessary to divide the work to a certain extent and that Mr. Koons and the Postmaster General would have charge of the administration and organization of the service, Mr. Lewis and the Postmaster General of its operation, and Mr. Lamar and the Postmaster General of the finances.

Postmaster General A. S. Burleson is a native of Texas and a lawyer by profession. He served as a Representative from Texas in Congress from 1891 to 1913, and although re-elected

for another term, he resigned to accept his cabinet appointment when President Wilson took office in March, 1913.

John C. Koons is from Maryland. He has risen from the position of substitute clerk in the Baltimore post office, to which he was appointed in 1895, to his present official position of First Assistant Postmaster General, which he has held since September 1, 1916.

David J. Lewis was born in the mining district of Pennsylvania, and is a lawyer by profession. He learned to read in a Sunday School, and while working as a miner from the age of nine until he was twenty-three, he devoted his spare time to study, including the law, with such success that he was admitted to the bar in 1892. He moved to Maryland, and from 1902 to 1904 he was a member of the Maryland Senate. He was a Representative in Congress from Maryland from 1911 to 1917, and in the latter year was appointed by the President a member of the United States Tariff Commission. While in Congress Mr. Lewis made a special study of telephone and telegraph subjects.

William H. Lamar was born in Alabama. He also is a lawyer by profession, having been admitted to the bar in the District of Columbia and in Maryland in 1885. In 1894 he was elected a member of the House of Representatives from Maryland. From 1906 to 1913 Mr. Lamar was an Assistant Attorney, United States Department of Justice. On May 1, 1913, he was appointed Assistant Attorney General (now Solicitor) of the Post Office Department.

In a signed statement published July 24, Postmaster General Burleson said: "I realize the immensity of the task which has been entrusted to me by the President's order," and in this statement, as well as in a conference in Washington at which were present Mr. Vail and other representatives of the Bell Companies, the Postmaster General expressed most emphatically his appreciation of the service the companies were rendering, and that such improvements possible to be made would be because of the additional power derived from the Government; and he asked for the co-operation and assistance of those who had heretofore been responsible for the service.

In the statement inserted as a supplement in the August issue of *The Telephone Review*, Mr. Vail said:

The Postmaster General was equally emphatic in the statement of his desire to conserve the service and properties of the companies with a view of returning them when called upon so to do to the owners in as good condition as received; that it was his earnest desire that the owners should receive just compensation in the full sense for their use.

The Postmaster General, until other instructions are issued, desires that the conduct of operations shall continue as heretofore, and also states that no changes will be made until after consultation and full and careful consideration.

Mr. Vail has promised on behalf of the Bell organization as a whole, "that same loyalty, fidelity, and devotion to the service under the new order of things" that it has given "to the country, to the public service, and to the property in the past."

He has asked all who are identified with the Bell System to make good that promise. We feel that Mr. Vail has only anticipated the hearty response which will come from every employee of the Bell System.

Under Mr. Vail's leadership the organization has created and given to the world a new art, and to this country the most extensive and efficient system of communication in the world,—facilities which the Postmaster General in a signed statement says "have become an imperative need" in the every-day life of the people.

There are now in the military service of the country fifteen thousand employees of the Bell System. Constantly the number is increasing as new drafts are called out. Under the new law drafting men from eighteen to forty-five years of age, inclusive, thousands more will go, thus placing additional burdens of responsibility upon the shoulders of those who remain behind on the job.

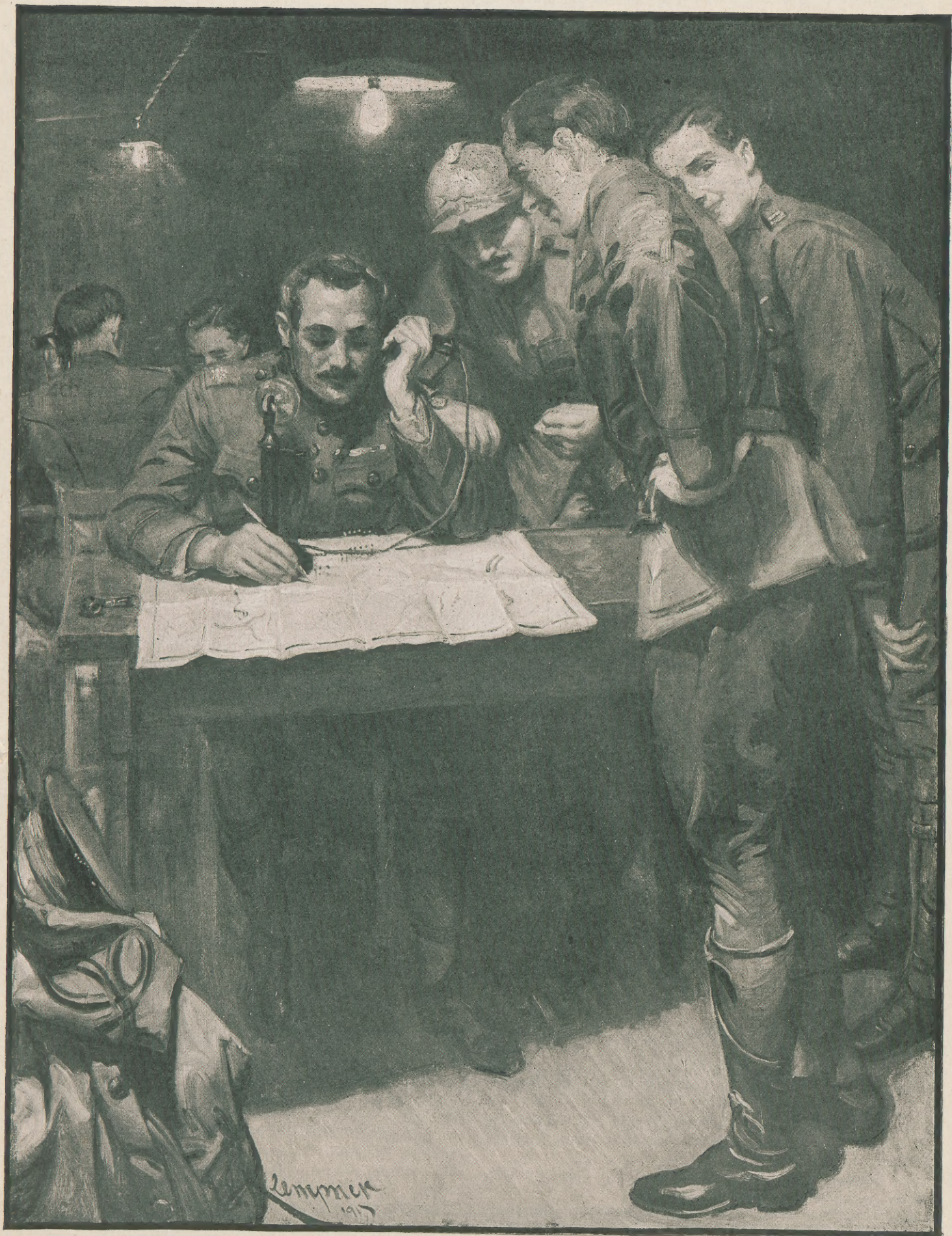
That Depends

"Telephones are great time-savers, aren't they?"

"Well, that depends upon who calls you up."—*London Answers.*

Perplexed Wife—Oh, dear, how can we go out to the movies? I'm expecting an important telephone call.

Cheerful Husband—Leave a note on the telephone saying you will be back at ten-thirty.—*Miss C. Edwards, Mulberry Central Office.*



DIRECTING THE TIDE OF BATTLE

TELEPHONE AIDS IN CAPTURE OF TOWN

Sergeant Willers, Telephone Man from Ithaca, Tells of Deeds of 8th Machine Gun Battalion

THIS is the story of how two telephone men crossed the Marne, established telephone communication, and enabled their company to capture a town in the hands of the Germans.

Somewhere between Chateau-Thierry and Fossoy was the supporting artillery of Company B, 8th Machine Gun Battalion. In front of the Battalion, but on the other side of the Marne River, lay a town occupied by German troops. It was an unknown quantity to the Americans, who contemplated an advance in which the taking of that town was to figure.

So it happened that Company B was ordered to advance across the river and establish telephone communication on the other side. Company B had been under fire for some time, and had no officers at the time, all of them being either killed, wounded, or lost in the battered territory in which the fight was being waged. In charge of the company was First Sergeant Theodore H. Willers, a former telephone installer-repairman in the plant department, at Ithaca, in the Central Division.

In Enemy Territory

Sergeant Willers decided that the task of establishing communication with the other side of the Marne and the American artillery was one that he himself should undertake, and accordingly, on the night of July 18, he swam the Marne, accompanied by Master Signal Electrician Ferguson, to whom he acted as guard. Ferguson carried a Western Electric set weighing about fifteen pounds. He also, by the way, was an old telephone man who was connected with the Bell System out in the middle west.

Paying the line out as they went, the two men finally reached the opposite bank, and established communication with the battery. Exact details of what was taking place in the town were reported, and soon shells began to drop here and there, driving the soldiers out from their cover.

In the meantime the other members of Company B approached on the right flank, and Company A closed in on the left, surrounding the town and mowing down the Germans by their devastating machine gun fire.

These brave machine gunners took the town, but were driven out when the Germans recovered from their amazement. But, nothing daunted, they advanced again, and again were victorious. Once more they lost it, but by a final drive secured it again, and held it.

For its splendid work the 8th Machine Gun Battalion was cited twenty-three times by the French Government, and was entitled to wear the *Croix de Guerre* with the palm on its colors. Master Signal Electrician Ferguson received the D. S. C. the only Signal Corps man in the Third Division to be so honored.

Sergeant Willers is a veteran of three great battles—Chateau-Thierry, called the Second Battle of the Marne, St. Mihiel, and the Meuse-Argonne. On July 24 he was gassed while in action, at the taking of La Charnel, and that ended his activities as a soldier for some time to come. He later learned that on August 19, 1918, he was recommended for a lieutenantcy. The letter in which the recommendation was made gives a brief outline of his qualifications, and tells of how he served valiantly under fire:

HEADQUARTERS 8TH MACHINE GUN BATTALION
American Expeditionary Forces, France

August 19, 1918.

From: C. O., 8th Machine Gun B'n.
To: Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F.
(Through Military Channels).
Subject: Recommendation for commission of First Sergeant Theodore H. Willers, Co. "B," 8th M. G. B'n.

1. Recommend that First Sergeant Theodore H. Willers, Co. B, 8th M. G. B'n. be commissioned Second Lieutenant, Infantry, N. A.

2. Sergeant Willers was born in Ithaca, N. Y., in July, 1895, and is a citizen of the United States.

3. Education: New York; one year American Correspondence School of Telephone Engineering.

4. Civil occupation: Five years installer and repairman for New York Telephone Company, and one year as Telephone Engineer for New York Telephone Company.

5. Military experience: Enlisted at Syracuse, N. Y., June 30, 1917; assigned to 38th Infantry; transferred December 1,

1917, to 9th M. G. B'n.; appointed Corporal July 22, 1917, Sergeant August 22, 1917; transferred April 26, 1918, to 8th M. G. B'n. Appointed Battalion Sergeant-Major May 6, 1918, transferred to Co. B, 8th M. G. B'n., and appointed First Sergeant August 12, 1918. Attended Machine Gun School at Chatillon sur Seine, March 18 to April 13, 1918; grade, "Good"; average, 77%; health, good; character, excellent; age, 23 years.

6. Sergeant Willers has shown originality, adaptability, unusual energy, resourcefulness, and courage. He has shown unquestionable ability to command men. During action of his Division on July 11 and subsequently, he was cool, efficient, and courageous; he assisted materially in command of units and maintained liaison under heavy fire and very trying conditions always fulfilling his mission without regard to his personal safety.

7. Sergeant Willers is a trained and competent machine gunner. Constant observation of him at administrative work while Battalion Sergeant-Major and in active field service prompts this recommendation that he be commissioned and assigned to this Battalion to fill an existing vacancy. It is also recommended that he be not sent to an Army Candidates' School because he is now a thoroughly trained and competent machine gunner.

W. C. WEAVER,

Major, 8th M. G. B'n.,
Commanding.

WITH THE 407TH TELEGRAPH BATTALION, S. C., A. E. F.

"Made Good" from Start

While the construction of this main line was going on there was a large number of smaller jobs being done at near-by towns. The battalion was also being constantly called on to furnish men with special knowledge of difficult phases of telephone and telegraph work and we were obliged to send away some of our best men to act as wire chiefs, troublemen, installers, line foremen, special research workers, instructors in Signal Corps schools,—in fact in almost every capacity that Signal Corps work made necessary.

In this connection there may be stated the fact that the telephone men made good from the start; that it was very hard to keep enough men in the battalion to do the work assigned to us, as the reputation that the battalion acquired was such that the Chief Signal Officer and his assistants declared that they had to have our men to fill the numerous important positions necessary for the carrying on of the Signal Corps work.

"Experts" Drafted from Battalion

The reduction of the working forces by drafts on the personnel for operating and maintaining at various places, the inexperience of the replacements and of some of the original men who had been switchboard and central office men, the severe weather conditions, the lack of tools, supplies, and equipment,—all had to be met during the winter of 1917-18. But the spirit of the men was exceptional, and the hardships endured created a unity of feeling in the battalion which produced an excellent and lasting morale.

Received by French With Open Arms

The men of the battalion were welcomed by the French people everywhere with open arms. They were the first American troops in the section and naturally the French were very much interested and vied with each other in giving dances and entertainments for the boys. When it was necessary for the men to move on to some other village, the inhabitants would gather around with tears in their eyes, and there would be much hand-shaking and embracing and demands for letters by everybody,—including the Mayor.

After the main line was finished the old Mayor at Prauthoy came out to say good-bye, and with tears streaming down his cheeks he rushed to kiss me. Not being accustomed to masculine embraces, I tactfully disappeared for the time being and eventually ended by shaking hands with him, avoiding the usual French embrace.

The men were quartered in billets which were barns, houses, storehouses, et cetera, and were fairly comfortable,—and, of course, found it much better than living in tents. The weather was cold and damp, and fuel was scarce. The fireplaces which were in some of the rooms were not of much use as heaters. We finally obtained some iron trench stoves, which added to our comfort materially.



SECRETARY BAKER TO PRESIDENT VAIL

"The Airplane Radio Telephone Set, which has proven so satisfactory to the Air Service, and which has brought about entirely new methods of military use of airplanes, is a particular example of the result of this coöperation ["the splendid spirit of coöperation and helpfulness which has been evinced during the war by the wonderful engineering organization of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company"]. The evolution and development of this and other important apparatus were made possible only because your engineering staff freely furnished the highly technical knowledge and skill necessary in the development, design, and manufacture of the sets."

Dated, War Department, Washington, Dec. 9, 1918.

(Signed) "NEWTON D. BAKER, Secretary of War."

In the Advance Section

After the battalion moved off again, D Company to Harreville and E Company to Montigny-le-Roi, on February 7, 1918, the time was taken up in a large number of different jobs and installations in the Advance Section.

This move was made in order to take over the building of a line from Langres to Neufchateau, started by the 406th Telegraph Battalion. Company D worked south from Levecourt and Company E north from Frecourt.

For this work the following commendation was received:

HEADQUARTERS
407th Telegraph Battalion, N. A.

March 11, 1918.

My Dear Major Shearer:

The following letter from the Chief Signal Officer indicates his appreciation of the good work being done by your Battalion:

Let me add to this that I was more than gratified this morning at your report on the status of the Neufchateau-Langres trunk. The character of ability and energy exhibited by the officers and men of your battalion makes the future look bright for service in the Advance Section, and with this kind of support I think we may approach any task, however difficult, cheerfully and with optimism.

Very truly yours,
EDWARD E. KELLY,
Signal Officer, Advance Section.

407th Commended by C. S. O.

While this was under way, detachments were sent to other points for construction work. One job of particular interest was the building of circuits urgently needed between Chaumont and the Second Corps School at Châtillon-sur-Seine. Four wires were run, using the French rotational system of transpositions on the existing poles along the railroad. Large type French brackets were used and 3 millimeter copper wire placed on a portion of the line in the Department of Cote d'Or. This, under heavy rains which prevented trucks from approaching the line, except at regular road crossings, together with the fact that two-thirds of the material had to be trucked from the French store-rooms at Foulain, a haul of more than 40 kilometres, offered serious delivery problems that had to be solved.

Regardless of these difficulties, the men entered the work with an enthusiasm which made it possible to complete two circuits,—208 kilometers of wire,—in eight days, with an average working force of thirty men.

A letter of commendation was received from the Chief Signal Officer of the American E. F., expressing his appreciation of the work done on this job by our battalion. As the men in the 407th are all very proud of this commendation, I venture to quote it:

HEADQUARTERS
407th Telegraph Battalion, N. A.

My Dear Major Kelly:

March 7, 1918.

I should be glad to have you convey my appreciation of the difficult emergency work done by the officer and 38 men of Company E, 407th Telegraph Battalion, on the line from Chaumont to Châtillon-sur-Seine, completed March 1. Your report indicates clearly the difficulties of construction due to long hauls and bad weather.

When men meet cheerfully such adverse conditions it is certainly due to them to make note of it. We are very prone to find fault easily, but yield commendation grudgingly.

Very truly yours,
EDGAR RUSSEL,
Chief Signal Officer.

D Company was nearly overwhelmed in the mud and dirt at Harreville, where apparently the streets had not been cleaned for approximately two thousand years. Finally Major Shearer took pity on it and brought the battalion all together at Montigny-le-Roi, which was used as a center from which detachments and gangs were sent in every direction to the different installation and construction jobs which came up.

Battalion Colors Presented to 407th

It was at Montigny-le-Roi that the battalion colors were formally presented to the 407th by Major Shearer, this being the first time since the battalion landed in France that it was together as a unit. How much the battalion appreciated the gift of the girls back home in the traffic department, and admired the beautiful colors and the thought inspiring the gift, is hard to express in words.



OUR
BRAVE
GIRLS
AT
SOULLY

SIGNAL CORPS GIRLS AT SOULLY

(Left to Right) First Row: Miss Ester Fresnel, Miss Leonie Peyron. Second Row: Miss Berthe Arland, Miss Helen Hill, Miss Jennie Young. Third Row: Miss Berthe Hunt, Miss Louise Beraud. Curtains on windows of barracks of heavy black cotton let down at night to prevent Boche planes from seeing lights.



Miss Ester Fresnel
(See page 4)

From this time on, the work consisted principally of making additions to trunk lines, rerouting existing lines to accommodate changes and plans, and installing systems of communication for Divisional training areas, camps, and hospitals in the Advance Section.

Another Commendation Received

On May 29, the battalion moved to Nogent-en-Bassigny, which later became the headquarters of the Advance Section. Among the jobs done were the placing of crossarms and running of twenty wires on existing poles between Chaumont and Chateauvillain; the placing of a second arm on the Chaumont-Neufchateau line in record time, to provide sufficient facilities between General Headquarters and Headquarters of the 1st army; building of three iron circuits from Nogent to Chaumont; rerouting of the main line around a contemplated aviation field at Dijon; completing installations for the 37th, 83rd, 90th and 92nd Divisions and in the 17th Divisional Area; installing cable systems for the Supply Depot at Is-sur-Tille, with 11,000 feet of cable, for Base Hospitals at Rimacourt, with 1,700 feet of ten-pair cable, and at Chaumont, with 330 feet of 110-pair cable.

It was at this time that our battalion received its third commendation, this time for work on the Chaumont-Neufchateau line:

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
Office of the Chief Signal Officer

August 7, 1918.

From: Office Chief Signal Officer, A. E. F.
To: C. O., 407th Telegraph B'n.
Subject: Work on line between Neufchateau and G. Hq.

1. I have been informed today by Major Kelly that through the devoted efforts of your organization it has been possible to put through the second crossarm carrying wires between Neufchateau and G. Hq. in a remarkably short time.

2. He says that, assisted by two wire gangs from the 403rd Telegraph B'n., you put on 25 kilometers of crossarms and 10 wires in one day and that your battalion was continually on the job since the afternoon of the 25th of August.

3. It is really no more than I would have expected of our men, who I know from long experience are capable of wonderful work. However, I feel that this single praiseworthy achievement is one that may well be clearly noted and my thanks expressed to those who have so ably carried it out.

4. Please say to the men how much we appreciate what they have done, and pass on the good word to the wire sections from the 403rd.

E. RUSSEL,
Brigadier-General, C. S. O.

(Continued bottom page 12)

WITH THE 407TH TELEGRAPH BATTALION, S. C., A. E. F.



Lieut. Bassler, Lieut. Rhoads, and Interpreter at Harreville



Lieut. Johnson working hard, playing quoits with horseshoes



Col. Shearer also working hard at Montigny, assisted by Major Mellinger



Battalion trucks parked at Montigny

Digging holes, Dijon-Chaumont Line



Setting up exercises on the beach near St. Nazaire



A treat for the French kiddies,—Army white bread



A girl we left behind us



Favorite means of locomotion



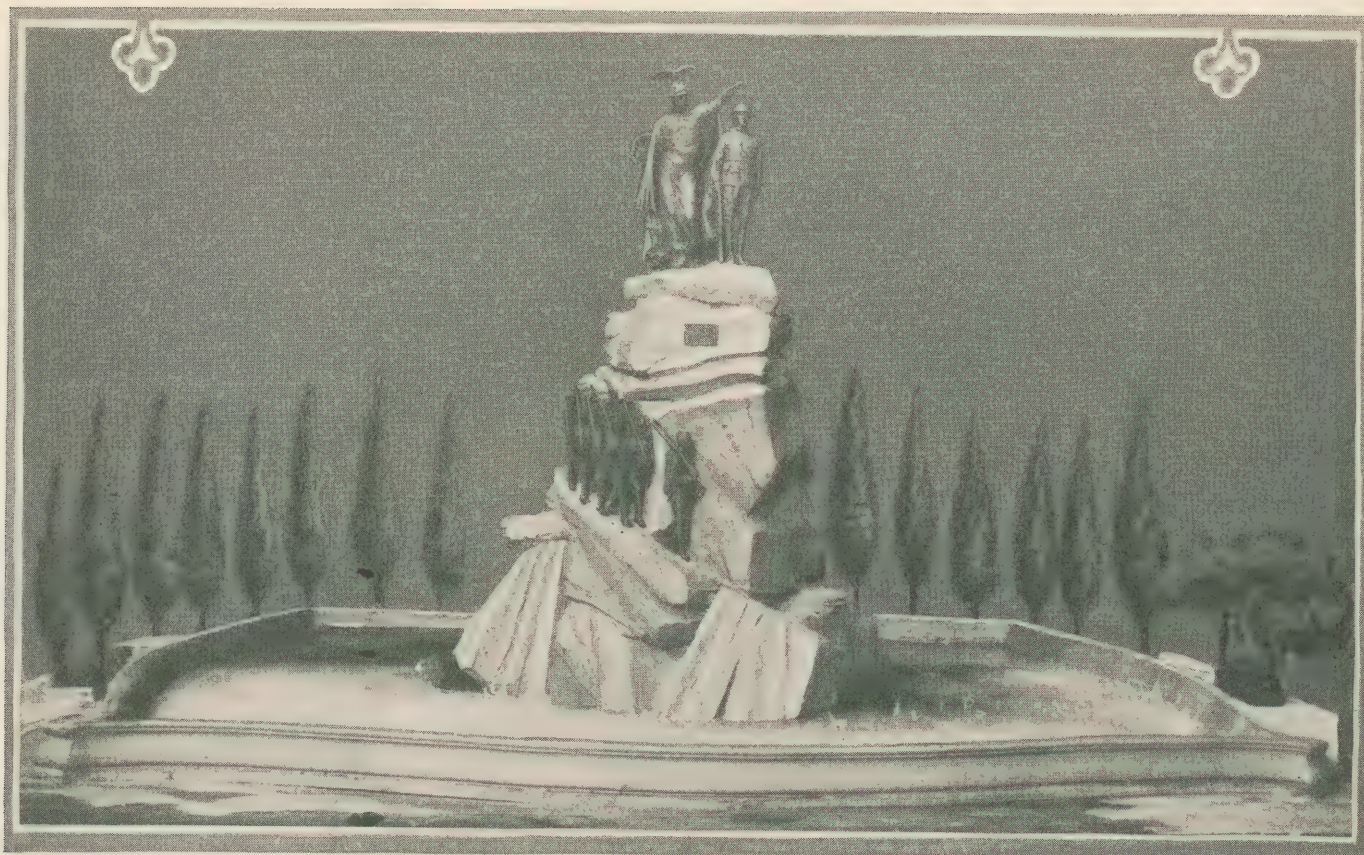
Co. D headquarters at Prauthoy



Co. D headquarters at Meursault



Scenes near Verdun—Telephone poles first set up



Proposed Memorial Monument for Camp Merritt Camp-site

Cost approximately eleven million dollars and its activities justify the cost.

The first troops arrived August 30, 1917, and as no buildings were ready they were quartered under canvas on the old race track about a mile north of the camp. The first big troop movement occurred December 7, 1917, when part of the 41st Division arrived and a month later embarked and went "Over There." From that time the movement over seas was a steady stream of thoroughly equipped American soldiers. Not all have returned. Some will never come.

The embarkation movement was as follows:

November, 1917	8,190
December, 1917	5,579
January, 1918	6,415
February, 1918	44,227
March, 1918	50,262
April, 1918	52,393
May, 1918	47,184
June, 1918	56,066
July, 1918	67,184
August, 1918	84,232
September, 1918	84,404
October, 1918	47,620
November, 1918	24,810

Thus in detail is shown that five hundred seventy-eight thousand, five hundred and sixty-six of our boys lived in Camp Merritt, received their equipment, finishing touches to their training and were sent on to help "make the world a decent place to live in."

(Continued from page 10)

Major Mastin Detached from Battalion

It was at this time that I was sent down to Marseilles as Base Signal Officer, to take charge of all the Signal Corps work in Base Section No. 6, which comprises the southern part of France along the Mediterranean. Roughly speaking, it is the strip of territory about 150 miles wide, extending from Spain to Italy, with headquarters at Marseilles.

Plans were under way to make Marseilles perhaps the biggest receiving port in France for freight and supplies for the army coming over from the United States and allied countries.

It was necessary to start with nothing and build up an organization. Among other things, we experienced a lack of material,

The return movement from over seas is interesting but not yet complete.

December, 1918	14,937
January, 1919	36,416
February, 1919	27,998
March, 1919	74,778
April, 1919	48,786
May, 1919	50,360
June, 1919	55,580
July, 1919	84,928
August, 1919	72,292

Total returned to August 31 466,085

The movement through Camp Merritt, going and coming up to the end of August is 1,044,651 which represents approximately the number of men who have lived briefly in Bergen County and will remember with satisfaction the care given them and the comforts of Camp Merritt. In future years many of these men will revisit the site of this Camp. It is due to them that they find there a suitable memorial marking the site and commemorating its activities. Bergen County will see to it that this memorial is all that it should be.

Until recently the War Department orders placed a ban on publicity regarding the activities of this Camp. The Bergen County Historical Society has been furnished by the Camp officers with the information now made public through the twenty-seven papers published in this county.

The Historical Society quite in line with the objects for which it was formed, is fathering the movement to build this memorial and is able to announce that its success is assured.

tools, et cetera, such as we had encountered at the start of the work at Dijon. It was necessary to check and classify all Signal Corps material arriving at the port and to see that it got out promptly to the army and to the different storage depots located in the northern part of France.

A large number of convalescent hospitals were established along the Riviera and telephone and telegraph service had to be provided at all points where American troops were stationed.

It was possible in many cases to lease French circuits or trunks between the various towns, so that construction work was reduced to a minimum wherever practicable. This made it necessary, however, to negotiate at considerable length with a num-

(Continued on page 14)



*Sergeant Robert S.
O'Neil*

Farewell to Sergeant Robert S. O'Neil

One of the most important jobs in the Army is that of Top Sergeant and not too much praise and credit can be given to Hospital Sergeant Robert S. O'Neil who so creditably held that position at the Base Hospital at Camp Merritt, N. J. Sergeant O'Neil entered the service of the U. S. Army in Nov. 1917. He was made Top Sergeant of the Medical Detachment June 15, 1919, and held that position until his release from the service Sept. 11, 1919. His job was a very ticklish one. He had to answer many questions, some of which were sensible and others were just the opposite. He was always cheerful and ready to help anyone out of their difficulties. One cannot begin to explain the Sergeant's daily routine because it was so complicated and varied so much that no one but Sergeant O'Neil knew what to do. The MESS-KIT staff believes that the present standard of our Detachment which I might say ranks amongst the highest is due to the untiring efforts of the Sergeant. He could be found

at all times. Quitting time was unknown to him. He would be seen directing the arrival of patients from overseas and I might say that he was also seen waiting on the patients at their Mess when there was a scarcity of Corp men. That meant nothing to him. He came into the service to serve his country and he certainly has done it and done it nobly. It was this brand of stuff that won the war. I will say this much that his absence in our Detachment is keenly felt not only by enlisted men but also by the officers as they all thought a great deal of him. Just as he came in he went out, a good conscientious worker and a man that will be loved everywhere. We wish Sergeant O'Neil all the success in the world and if he can perform his duties in civilian life as he has in the Army there is no doubt in our minds that he will be a success and a large one. We extend our hearty congratulations to one so worthy.

(Continued from page 12)

ber of French officials who characteristically wished to put off the settlement in each case for most astonishing and varied reasons.

French Telephone System Formidable

It was often necessary to lease telephones from the French government to provide telephone service at the more remote points and in such cases the formidable and wonderful nature of the French telephone system became very apparent. A toll call involving perhaps 100 miles would sometimes take five or six hours to complete, with the result that the Signal Officer's job became a case of soothing some infuriated Colonel who could not understand why the telephone service was not as good as what he had been used to back in the States. Some of the difficulty was overcome by putting in wherever possible American soldiers who spoke French, as operators.

Another source of difficulty was the poor construction of the lines, which resulted in complete loss of service in wet weather. The signing of the armistice put a stop to construction and installation work and a rather elaborate program for installing up-to-date common battery service for Headquarters offices and for nearby towns.

Breaking Through "Red Tape"

One of the interesting things was the spirit with which the different construction jobs were carried on. A large amount of wire was run on French poles, and we were supposed to obtain permission from the French Government before these attachments were made. Considerable facility in excuses was gained by different officers in the force in explaining to the French Government how several miles of line happened to be built on French poles before the voluminous red tape of the French Government was unravelled to give formal permission. I think that at last the French officials threw up their hands in despair at their inability to hold the Americans down to waiting for formal permission to be granted.

Tree trimming was usually very easy to accomplish. The French people were so short of fuel, and labor for cutting down trees was so scarce, that the people were usually delighted to have the trees cut or trimmed for the sake of the fuel that they provided.

To many towns where the different units of the battalion were first billeted, other troops came later, and the inhabitants always expressed regret that our boys had to go away and other soldiers come in, as they liked our boys so much better.

Continuing to "Carry On"

While I was acting as Base Signal Officer at Marseilles, First Lieutenant Charles H. Bassler, Signal Corps, was placed in charge of Company D and he was in turn relieved by Captain Mellinger, Captain Frank H. Van Winkle, Signal Corps, assuming command of Company E.

On September 9, Battalion Headquarters and Company D moved to Neufchateau in the Vosges where the character of the work done was the same as at Nogent. On November 1, the battalion was called on for a detachment of 45 men to maintain and operate lines between Souilly and Ligny-en-Barrois connect-

ing with the 1st army, which was unable to take care of this work because of its rapid advance at the time.

Under the direction of Second Lieutenant John A. Stockman, these lines were maintained and operated in spite of the lack of tools and materials.

Company E remained at Nogent until November 4, when it moved to Souilly to take up the maintenance and operation of the lines of the 1st army.

Promotions

While at Neufchateau, Captain Mellinger was promoted to the rank of Major and assigned to the command of the 326th Field Signal Battalion and First Lieutenant James W. West, Signal Corps, assumed command of Company D. Later Captain Joseph C. Chrisman returned after several months of service with the 409th Telegraph Battalion, took command of Company D, and when Major Shearer was detailed for duty with the Chief Signal Officer, Advance Section, a short time after, Captain Chrisman was placed in command of the battalion. Unfortunately, on December 11 Captain Chrisman succumbed to an attack of pneumonia and died, having been Acting Major for only a short time.

(Continued on page 17)

BELOVED TAPS

BY JACK MITCHELL, 1st U. S. Inf.
 When th' toil an' drill o' day is done
 An' little stars peep forth
 An' smile a welcome one by one
 To the King Star in th' north;
 There comes across th' shadow'd hills
 A soothing melody.
 'Tis taps—its pleading sweetness thrills
 Th' heart an' soul o' me—
 Soldier rest
 Tomorrow brings
 Forth the test
 Sleep the sleep
 Of the just
 Night is deep
 Sweetly dream; soldier rest.

An' "Over There," in Flanders-land
 Amid the snarl o' shell,
 Where our brave lads give helping hand
 To stay th' hordes o' hell.
 Beloved taps bids some to rest
 Nor rise to break o' day,
 An' seems as tho' th' notes are bles't
 That tune th' peaceful lay.
 Rest in peace
 Long the night,
 Battles cease
 And the fight
 Nobly won,
 Duty done
 Soldier sleep; rest in peace.



GIRL'S QUICK WIT SAVES WOMAN'S LIFE

Telephone Operator Knew Just What to Do

A woman called the Kedzie telephone exchange in Chicago. Her voice was so weak that she could not make the number she wanted heard, reports the *Chicago Tribune*. She was desperately ill, she managed to convey. The call was snapped up to Miss Margaret Carney, chief operator, who lives at 929 Belden Avenue.

"Get 303!" came in a gasp.

"What exchange?" asked Miss Carney. There was no answer. Then Miss Carney heard a thud. She located the address from which the call had come and summoned a neighbor.

"A Mrs. Amelia Oster has fainted at 20 South Kedzie Avenue," she said. "Get a doctor to her!"

"But how do you know?"

"Don't ask questions. Hop to it!" said Miss Carney.

Then she got after the mysterious "303" number. She called exchange after exchange and got that number. Finally she located the right exchange and Mrs. Oster's son. She told him his mother was sick.

"And I have the key to the house!" Mr. Oster exclaimed.

At that instant the neighbor cut in with a report that the door of Mrs. Oster's flat was locked. Miss Carney conveyed this to Mr. Oster.

"Tell her," said he, "to get a doctor, go up the fire escape and break a window."

These instructions were obeyed. When Mr. Oster reached home he found the physician by his mother's side.

"If there had been a few minutes more delay in getting help she would have died," said the physician.

On the next day, Saturday, Mr. Oster looked up Miss Carney.

"That's nothing!" she said—*New York Evening Sun*.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL SPEAKS

"You may not believe it, perhaps," said the telephone girl, "yet it is a fact that I can invariably tell what kind of person I am talking to at the other end of the wire,—whether he is nervous, ill-tempered, or of a genial disposition.

"Just how I can distinguish these different traits of character I cannot explain, but the moment I hear the 'Hello' from the other end of the wire, I instinctively form an opinion of the disposition of the speaker.

"The telephone seems in some strange way to accentuate the human voice so as to betray these facts which in conversation under ordinary circumstances it would be impossible to detect."

—*Town Talk*.

INBORN OR ACQUIRED?

Miss L. Surridge, the official board operator at the Rochester Main exchange, forwards the following amusing commentary on certain telephone habits:

The Female of the Species

Edith—Morningside 8622. Hello, Olive?

Olive—Hello, how are you?

Edith—Fine, how are you?

Olive—Fine, my dear, I've been having the wildest time!

Edith—So have I, and I have the grandest news!

Olive—My dear, tell me about it!

Edith—Well, you are invited to a gorgiferous theatre party next Thursday night.

Olive—Wonderful! Who's going?

Edith—Every one!

Olive—Great! What are you going to wear?

Edith—Oh, I don't know. What are you?

Olive—Oh, my lavender or my green.

Edith—Well, if you wear your green, I'll wear my rose and if you wear your lavender, I'll wear my silver.

Olive—Let's decide now!

Edith—Oh, I'll call you up in the meantime. Brother is waiting to use the phone now.

Olive—Let him wait! Where were we?

Edith—If your wear your green—ad infinitum.

The Masculine of the Species

Brother—Morning 2348! Hello, Art? I've two tickets for the Lyric tonight. Meet me in the lobby at 8.20.

Arthur—Righto!

Brother—S'long!

Arthur—S'long!

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

By MAJOR COTTAM

To me, not the least instructive and interesting study has been the American soldier, observed under widely diverse circumstances. I saw him first in the making, when, as a member of an advisory medical board in connection with selective service it was necessary to sort out the physically unfit, most of whom were eager and anxious to serve, and occasionally, very rarely, be it said, to "spot" the physically sound who were trying to evade. For as time went on it became increasingly evident that no self-respecting man could afford to be a "slacker," and many a young man who had genuinely disqualifying ailments felt keenly the mortification of having to stand back while what to him were his more fortunate comrades could shoulder a gun. It was an interesting thing to me that for every man who was trying to keep out of the service, without good reason, there were twenty with obvious physical disabilities who wanted to get in.

My next opportunity to come in contact with the young men of the army was in camp, helping in the work of preparing the men for the great struggle. It will be remembered that many under the selective draft system were accepted with remediable ailments. These fell to our lot to care for in the base hospitals of the great camps up to the time of going overseas, when again I saw them in a new aspect, going forward toward a raging holocaust, more like boys going to a frolic. Never shall I forget our troop train going across France, meeting for the first time a hospital train returning from the front. Our fellows were singing lustily, as they did at every possible opportunity; those on the hospital train were silent. "We sang those same songs, too, when we first came up." Again I saw them when we became established as a base hospital behind the lines, where they came back rent in body and soul, but unbeaten and only impatient at the delays which kept them inactive. It was no uncommon thing in those days to have semi-convalescent wounded men, walking patients, go A. W. O. L., and at first it puzzled us not a little. These men, so full of courage and energy, so anxious to "get one more crack," surely they would not be deserting? Indeed they were not. It soon developed that they were simply taking a short cut back to their commands.

Then came the armistice and then the formation of a great convalescent center on the Brittany coast, where our contact with the men came about in preparing them for the long journey homeward, and then we met them again in the reconstruction service on this side, and finally here.

Under all these widely differing conditions one fact above all others has left upon me this indelible impression: the indomitable spirit and inexhaustible patience of the men. It has made the work seem easier and lighter; it has made what we have given up to serve seem trifling in comparison with what they have gone through and endured. It leads up to the irresistible conclusion, that so long as material of this kind is forthcoming for its protection and preservation, the safety, honor and welfare of this great Republic will never be seriously jeopardized.

U. S. PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE

One of the wisest provisions made by the Government for the benefit of discharged soldiers, sailors and marines has been the extension of the privileges of the U. S. Public Health Service to such men. Any man who has been discharged from the service and who later develops a disease or disability traceable to the effects of his service is entitled to free care and treatment. The burden of proof rests upon the Public Health Service, so that the whole system bears the marks of liberality. Although it has not yet been given wide publicity, this service is already well under way. It is constantly receiving new cases and arranging for their care. The local division, which includes California, Nevada and Arizona, and which is headed by Dr. Long, 432 Call Building, San Francisco, makes arrangements to have patients cared for in well-equipped hospitals nearest their respective homes. The need for publicity is obviated in this hospital by the insurance officer, who gives full information to all discharged patients. However, all readers of this publication would do well to bear in mind the nature and scope of the U. S. Public Health Service and bring it to the attention of all men who have left the uniform.



NURSES DOPE



AN INSPIRATION TO WOMANHOOD OF AMERICA

Tribute to the Army Nurse Corps by General Meritte W. Ireland, head of the Medical Department of the Army.

"The Army Nurse Corps, comprising among its personnel women from the highest positions in the nursing world, has splendidly fulfilled its traditions.

"The exceptional professional skill of its personnel, coupled with the psychological influence exerted by the sympathetic feminine presence, made the Army Nurse Corps a very notable factor in the success achieved by the Medical Corps of the Army.

"It was my experience that the nurses at all times and under the most trying circumstances displayed patience and courage of the finest order. They attested their loyalty and devotion to duty by self-immolation and quiet, unquestionable obedience, giving no thought to personal safety.

"And to those who sacrificed their lives in the line of duty, I desire to pay the highest tribute. Their names will be immortal on our country's honor roll, and their heroic devotion to duty will ever be an inspiration to the womanhood of our nation."

MERITTE W. IRELAND,
Surgeon General of the Army.

NURSE'S PRAYER

I want a man who is noble and strong,
But want him to be just a little bit wrong;
I want a man who has plenty of sense,
But not know it all, for that's an offense.
I want a man who will love me for fair,
At times he may be just as cross as a bear;
Not too rough and ready—not too spic and span,
What I want is just a regular man.

"ROSE OF NO MAN'S LAND"

RECENTLY I have been looking over some magazines that were published during my sojourn in France. Since most of my six months overseas was spent in various hospitals I am particularly interested in articles written about the American nurse. But the pictures illustrating these narratives are so untrue to life that I am strongly tempted to head this article, "Some False Impressions of the Red Cross Nurse That Need Correction."

Nearly every illustration depicts a glowing young creature of ravishing beauty garbed in stiffly starched and smartly tailored uniform with flowing headgear marked with the insignia of the Red Cross. Her function is evidently but to gaze upon the pain-racked features of the bed-ridden soldier and heal the wounds and assuage the sufferings of battle by some mysterious personal magnetism. Her hands, instead of holding bandages, shears, or forceps, the implements of action, lie idly by her side.

And the patient, in the majority of cases, has bandages swathed around his head. In reality this happens occasionally, but generally the victim of head wounds is soon past bandages and physical aid.

President Wilson, last winter, visited one of the American hospitals in France and naturally observed that most of the patients were arm and leg cases. So he asked why, and was informed that those who were wounded elsewhere didn't live to

need attention. More than fifty per cent. of all wounds are received in the legs. Over twenty-five per cent. are found in the arms. So let the illustrator bear this in mind if he wishes to sketch a realistic picture of a wounded soldier.

If there are any fashion-plate nurses in the A. E. F. it was my good fortune not to have seen them. The glamor and thrill of nursing sick and wounded men may have appealed in the abstract to many debutantes and society buds, but the actual, grim, prosaic routine would have held no charm for them.

In actual life the Army nurse wears a very plain grey uniform and neat white cap, no frills nor fancy trimmings. She is too busy to pose or merely sigh over some unfortunate victim of shell fire or bullets. Her mission is action manifested by such traits as helpfulness, kindness, gentleness, cheerfulness, patience and devotion. There is no glamor about her work. It is all splendidly prosaic, the routine of bed-making, preparing diets, dressing wounds, and the thousands of little attentions that make a patient comfortable in body and mind. The cleansing of gaping wounds reeking with gangrene and suppuration is a daily function that in itself holds no charm. From one bed to another she goes cleaning and binding up the ugly wounds, working long hours, often on her own time, tired, yet speaking words of comfort and cheer as she labors with skilled and deft touch.

The nurse looks upon her charges much as a mother does her children. No sacrifice is too great for her. Her one and constant thought is to relieve pain and to bring happiness. Often she saves her share of pie or cake from the nurses' table to give to some poor chap who craves sweets. I have known nurses to buy cigarettes and jam for a whole ward. Candy for bed cases they often buy. Afternoons off duty are frequently spent with their boys visiting and making the hours pass pleasantly.

There are practically no amusements or recreation for them unless their hospital be located in or near a large town. Many of the hospitals are portable wooden buildings set up in fields near small villages. These hospitals, instead of glass, have screen windows through which cold air constantly blows, making work unpleasant and requiring many wraps in order to keep warm. During the rainy season, a time when the dirt around the hospital grounds is a mud wallow, the nurses wear sou'westers, slickers, and rubber boots to work each morning. Does one ever see a picture of them thusly attired plodding to work in the dawn of a chill, gray morning?

Again, when a man is running a high temperature and is enduring the pain of open wounds he doesn't crave a pretty face. Helpfulness and comfort he longs for instead. The elderly nurse he loves to call mother, rather than the younger one addressed as sister, is at a premium. But, naturally enough, when his pain has eased up and he is convalescing he is quick to note a "good looker." I have known convalescents to unwind their bandages in order to have the pleasure of calling upon a youthful nurse for company.

We who have returned to health by the untiring efforts of the Army nurse are deeply appreciative of her devoted services. Here is a splendid and upstanding sisterhood that we should endeavor to understand, not in the abstract of beauty and fashion, but rather in the concrete of loyal and loving service faithfully and whole-heartedly rendered. Written by

PVT. ERNEST G. BISHOP,

Ward 171, Letterman Hospital.

*Nurses' quarters
does not answer*



A TRIBUTE TO THE NURSE

When poets wrote of sacrifice in Flanders and in France,
Of how our brave young heroes left their homes and took the
chance,
Of how our Red Cross Nurses toiled, and wept and even died,
They didn't even mention those who labored on this side.

They wrote at length of daring deeds performed on every hand,
They wrote the ballad beautiful, "The Rose of No Man's Land."
They wrote of mothers, sweethearts, wives, who waited home
in fear,

But forgot to write a few short lines of Army Nurses here.

Some day, perhaps, they'll think of you, of sleepless nights you
spent

With misery and suffering, when willing hands you lent,
When, through those weary days and nights, you toiled (perhaps
you wept),

You're Roses, too, each one of you, your country's faith you
kept.

(Continued from page 14)

To Treves, Germany

Following the signing of the armistice the battalion was occupied mainly in operating and maintaining in the Advance Section and for Advance General Headquarters. Company E moved from Souilly to Longuyon on November 19, and was followed on November 23 by Battalion Headquarters and Company D. On November 26-27, Battalion Headquarters and Company D moved to Luxemburg, and nine days later Company E went to Treves, Germany. The installation of switchboards and stations was effected at these places and at other points in the vicinity. Early in December, Major Shearer returned to the battalion.

On December 29, telegraphic orders were received to proceed to Bordeaux, France, as soon as relieved by the 404th Telegraph Battalion, and work was suspended on January 10, 1919.

(Continued on page 22)

A SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE TO WOMEN

How difficult it is to start this eulogy! How well I realize the utter futility of words, when I attempt to illustrate the soldier's admiration and respect for the women who served and cheered him!

I believe God's greatest masterpiece was the heart of a noble woman. How well I remember the terror-filled days of Soissons, St. Mihiel and the Argonne, when life seemed already slipping away, my pals dying, my hopes for the future gone! It was then that woman, with her incomparable tenderness and sweetness, alleviated the suffering of the stricken and stiffened the morale of the fighters who came through the Hades of the battle unscathed.

How wonderful were the courageous Salvation Army lassies, the Red Cross workers and others who followed in the wake of war through shell-torn towns and devastated country! I remember one eve just as the sun was sinking over the hills of the distant French horizon, we met a wonder woman.

Our battalion had been walking for eleven hours, equipped, as we were, with full equipment. Our burden weighed about ninety pounds; we were staggering in our tracks from fatigue; the world was not a fascinating place for us at that particular time when we met the wonder girl with her wonderful voice. She sang to us as she trudged along by our side. She cheered us as she handed out her meagre store of cigarettes, and after five minutes of her company we were swinging along with a hearty smile and a lighter heart.

Could women do more out in the danger zone? Yet, unafraid, this Angel of Mercy went her way.

After all this may I not voice my sincere admiration of woman, whose part in this drama of war was well played?

PVT. JAMES W. SCOTT,
Co. D, 145th M. G. Bn. (Ward 174).



E. F. O'Connor,
Wire Chief, Camp Merritt

THE STORY OF THE 407TH TELEGRAPH BATTALION

As Told by Major F. W. MASTIN

Splendid and Record-Making Work of Battalion in Helping to Erect Remarkable System of Telephone Communications in France

Photographs taken by Major Mastin

IN April, 1917, the 407th Telegraph Battalion came into being under the name of the Second Telegraph Battalion, sponsored by the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

We were almost all employees of the New York Telephone Company, and most of us had a general knowledge of the work that we were expected to accomplish later. On June 18, 1917, the Battalion left for training at Camp Alfred Vail, Little Silver, N. J. Major Harold H. Shearer, Signal Corps, had been assigned to the command of the battalion, and Captain Francis W. Mastin, Signal Corps, and First Lieutenant John P. Flood, Signal Corps, had been placed in command of companies D and E respectively. Later Captain James M. Mellinger, Signal Corps, succeeded Lieutenant Flood as commander of Company E.

As I said before, the training ground of the battalion was at Little Silver, N. J., later christened Camp Alfred Vail. There we received our first taste of army life and started in on the work that was to fit us for our duties on the other side. For six weeks we were trained in the fundamentals of Signal Corps work.

On the morning of August 7 we were routed out at 3 a. m. and sent to Hoboken by special train. There we embarked on the transport *Antilles* and shortly afterwards started on our voyage for France.

The trip at first was uneventful, although considerable time was given to drills so that we might know what to do in case a submarine succeeded in getting a torpedo through our defenses.

One day there was a scare which proved to be a false alarm, and on the morning of August 20,—the day that we landed,—when we were in sight of land was a real alarm, and it was stated that the convoy had been attacked by five submarines. We had about two hours of an exciting skirmish, during which time the guns on the transports and fighting vessels were used freely. Aeroplanes dropped depth bombs and there was a very interesting time. Finally we succeeded in getting into the harbor without loss on either side.

The first night in France was spent on board the ship and the following morning we moved to the reception camp at St. Nazaire, where we stayed about a week.

Orders were then received to proceed to Dijon and start construction work on the main communication line which was to run from General Headquarters at Chaumont to the coast. This was to be a ten-wire copper line, our part of the initial construction extending from Dijon to a point on Route Nationale 74, about five miles north of Langres, which met the line being built by the 406th Battalion, completing the line to Chaumont. The entire battalion was at first quartered in tents. Later on D Company moved to Prauthoy, south of Langres, and E Company to Arc-sur-Tille. Work was started early in September.

Work Done in Spite of Great Handicaps

The first period of our construction work was filled by many amusing and exasperating incidents. We had no tools, so that our first concern was to find something to work with. Neighboring towns and cities were scoured for French tools, and we found some, but never a sufficient quantity nor of the proper kind or quality. Shovels and bars were bought which were really playthings. They would last only a short time—a thing which made the progress of the work at times exasperatingly slow. The digging bars were too short and the shovels too light, and their conversion into make-shift tools was necessary before they could be used at all. Nevertheless, in spite of the lack of American equipment, our men went at the work with unbounded enthusiasm.

Poles and wire were obtained from the French authorities, as well as brackets, no crossarms or American material of any kind being available at that time. But everybody made the best of what he had, and the work went forward in spite of the many difficulties which we had to overcome.

One of the things which cheered us up in our work was the fact that no "right of way" was necessary, at least in the beginning, and we set poles in farmers' front yards and cut down his fruit and shade trees with an indifference and celerity which would have gladdened the heart of one of our construction gangs in the States.

Digging in the section of the country where the first line

(Continued on page 20)



Establishing Communication in the Alps



One Corner of Present Camp Merritt Exchange



Miss Walsch, Chief Operator Camp Merritt Telephone Exch.

ON DUTY

St. Mihiel Drive

American telephone operators on duty within gas zone, with gas masks and helmets.

Miss Ester Fresnel of New York (centre) has written delightfully about her experiences with the First Army at the time of the St. Mihiel Drive. (See Page 4).



THE MAN WHO CAN LOSE

By HARRY VARLEY

When you know that the world has you cornered at last,
 And you stand with your back to the wall;
 When you feel all the strength from your arms ebbing fast,
 And you're wearied and sick of it all;
 Fight it out to the very last inch of your space,
 No weak whining for quarter, but choose
 To go down, if you must, with a smile on your face
 Like a man who has learned how to lose.

It is easy to stand when a battle is won,
 With your face overspread with a grin,
 Making light of the fight and the things you have done
 For the glory you then gather in.
 But if you are crushed to your knees, beaten down,
 And your faith to the winds has been tost,
 It is better to hear as you walk thru the town—
 "There's a man who could smile when he lost."

Why then care, tho the body and brain may have failed,
 If the soul of you, steadfast and strong,
 Came out clean and unharmed from the fight that prevailed
 And your lips were not robbed of their song.
 Men will worship success and the gifts she imparts
 While the earth spins her sun-measured cruise,
 But a warm loving corner they save in their hearts,
 For the man who has learned how to lose.

MONEY

If you save all you earn, you're a miser.
 If you spend all you earn, you're a fool.
 If you lose it, you're "out."
 If you find it, you're "in."
 If you owe it, they're always after you.
 If you lend it, you're always after them.
 It's the cause of evil.
 It's the cause of good.
 It's the cause of happiness.
 It's the cause of sorrow.
 If the Government makes it, it's all right.
 If you make it, it's all wrong.
 As a rule it's hard to get.
 But it's pretty soft when you get it.
 It talks!
 To some it says, "I've come to stay."
 To others it whispers, Good-bye."
 Some people get it in a bank.
 Others go to jail for it.
 The Mint makes it first.
 It's up to you to make it last.

—James J. Bianca, American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

(Continued from page 18)

was constructed was most discouraging. The soil formation consisted generally of from 6 inches to a foot of soil underlain with rock which it was both necessary to break up with a bar and dig out by hand. Drills and explosives were obtained later on and the work then went forward more rapidly. The wire—2.5 millimeters—was in small hand coils, and no sleeves being available, hand joints had to be made.

Hunting for Tools

While the pole line construction was going forward, there were other jobs which the battalion was being continually called upon to furnish men for. One of the first we had was the installation of a P. B. X. and a number of stations in Bordeaux. The only tools that could be mustered for the work were two pairs of pliers that two men happened to have brought with them. Several men and the two pairs of pliers were sent to Bordeaux with instructions to try to buy other tools and material necessary for the work. After scouring the city they finally were able to find enough material to complete the job. It was not up to specifications, but it worked, which was the main thing.

The transportation problem was also very great. The amount of transportation for a telegraph battalion was supposed to be 28 motor trucks, 28 motorcycles with side cars and 3 touring cars. To start with, we had 4 trucks and 2 motorcycles, but as time went on more transportation was available and conditions became better, although the battalion never received its full quota of motor transportation during the entire time that it was in France.

THE LANDLUBBER'S CHANTEY

(As he gazes from his office window at a ship clearing for the open sea)

Here I drone in this human hive—
 Blow, ye sirens, blow!
 And three times eight are twenty-five—
 Blow, ye sirens, blow!
 Blue Peter snaps and flutters wide,
 The dripping hawser slaps her side,
 She's warping out on the turning tide!
 Blow, ye sirens, blow!
 Three and four and one make nine—
 Roll, ye combers, roll!
 The air is sharp with windswept brine—
 Roll, ye combers, roll!
 She's dropped the last low line of shore,
 The furrowed seas stretch out before—
 Ten thousand miles to Singapore!
 Roll, ye combers, roll!

Lawless days and thirsty knives—
 Roar, ye monsoons roar!
 Sudden ends to rum wrecked lives—
 Roar, ye monsoons roar!
 On sunken reefs a gray sea moans
 Of missing ships and dead men's bones—
 Oh, blast those jangling telephones!
 Roar, ye monsoons roar!

Debit Smith and credit Ross—
 Sigh, ye Southern seas.
 Brightly burns the starry cross—
 Sigh, ye Southern seas.
 A breeze with spices laden down,
 A Venus done in ivory brown
 Gleams through her sketchy cotton gown,
 Sigh, ye Southern seas.
 Where Christians loaf and heathens sweat—
 Heave, ye rollers, heave!
 There's life to live and gold to get—
 Heave, ye rollers, heave!
 Under the ocean's sunlit green
 Are pearls to grace an Eastern queen—
 And eight and nine are seventeen.
 Heave, ye rollers, heave!

The army was extremely anxious to get one circuit working from Chaumont to Dijon and all our energies were directed to completing this job. The 406th Battalion was building south from Chaumont and the gangs met at a point a few miles north of Langres. The line was O.K'd at 1:35 p. m. on October 27, 1917. Notwithstanding all difficulties, approximately 1,800 poles were placed on it.

About this time we began to get real American tools from the States and American material, such as crossarms, hardware and wire, so that the work was greatly speeded up and a crossarm and four additional circuits were completed between Dijon and Chaumont on December 15. A spur line to the engineer's camp at Is-sur-Tille was constructed by Company E, connecting the regulating office and such of the warehouses as had been built.

The Dijon-Nevers Line

Then the battalion was ordered to commence construction of the section connecting Dijon and Nevers. D Company moved to Mersault, south of Dijon, on December 17, to build a pole line between Pommard and Nuits St. George, a distance of about 35 kilometers. This was a part of a line from Nevers to Dijon. A total of 775 poles with crossarms were placed, but no wire run. E Company also moved to Gevrey-Chambertin, eight miles south of Dijon, to assist in the completion of this line. At the same time, installations were made at the Second Corps School at Châtillon-sur-Seine, and additional facilities were provided at Valdahon and Is-sur-Tille.

MEDICAL SUPPLIES COST 370 MILLIONS**Were Mostly Products of the United States**

*Nation Overcame Handicap and Produced Important Medicines
Formerly Obtainable Only From Germany*

ALTHOUGH enormous gifts for the medical care of our soldiers were accepted by the government, \$370,000,000 was appropriated by Congress between April 6, 1917, and November 11, 1918, to buy all the necessary hospital facilities and surgical supplies. This represents the cost to the United States of medicine, surgical instruments and dressings, ambulances, hospital furniture, equipment and supplies and dental and veterinary supplies for the war.

Such is the pointed information concerning the care of our boys, given by Benedict Crowell, assistant secretary of war and director of munitions, in his report on "America's Munitions."

The fund of \$370,000,000 "was considerably more money than was contributed by the American people to the American Red Cross, a great part of whose funds went to the relief of civilian populations in Europe, or to other war charity," says the report. "Thus it will be seen that the Government with billions of dollars to spend could well afford the few hundreds of millions necessary to give the American soldiers who needed it the best possible hospital attention. It accepted gifts of this sort, ranging from gauze bandages to fully equipped motor ambulances, as the offerings of the people whose hearts overflowed with love and gratitude to the American soldiers and took this means of showing their concern; but the Government in no sense was dependent upon these donations."

At the outset of the war a big handicap presented itself, because before 1914 four-fifths of all surgical instruments used in the United States were imported from Germany, and production of certain important medicines was practically limited to that country. But through co-operation of manufacturers in America, with the Medical Department's general purchasing office, and the Council of National Defense, together with the Medical Supply Depots, amazing results were achieved.

Look at some of these enormous "prescriptions" for our army which America filled during the year 1918: 46,000,000 quinine tablets, 172,000,000 aspirin tablets, 835,000 pounds of calomel ointment, 45,000,000 iodine swabs, 10,250,000 tins of foot powder, and 300,000,000 tubes of iodine-potassium. All other items of medicines, antiseptics and disinfectants, required by the Medical Department were increased in proportion.

Orders customarily went to the lowest bidders, with a careful review in Washington of all prices named in contracts.

Among some of the important materials used in the care of our boys were these, purchased during the last year of the war: A total of 12,000,000 individual dressing packets, 795,000 boxes of gauze bandages, 574,400,000 yards of bandage, 10,000,000 first-aid packets, and 108,000,000 yards of gauze, and 3,814,000 pounds of absorbent cotton. For the carrying of the sick and wounded the Government bought 258,000 litters. The heaviest buying period during the war was between July 1 and November 30, 1918. The largest order for surgical instruments was for hæmostatic forceps of which the Government bought 1,301,476.

It is interesting to note that the purchases made in France for the Medical Department consisted mostly of large and bulky items, mainly hospital furniture and equipment, which, if transferred from the United States would necessitate the use of considerable valuable cargo space. Foreign purchases were made primarily to save ship space and not because of any shortage or failure to function in this country.

THE BLITHE MASK

He went so blithely on the way
Which people call the Road of Life,
That good folks who had stopped to pray,
Shaking their heads, would look, and say,
It was not right to be so gay
Upon that weary road of strife!

He whistled as he went, and still
He bore the young where streams were deep.
He helped the feeble up the hill,
He seemed to go with heart a-thrill,
Careless of deed, and wild of will—
He whistled—that he might not weep.

Dallett Fuguet.

I AM THE ENEMY OF MANKIND

I have destroyed more lives than all the wars of the world.
I destroy more than six hundred thousand lives in the United States each year.
I steal in the United States alone more than a billion dollars each year.
I tear homes asunder; I snatch babes from the mother's breast.
I am more powerful than the combined armies and navies of the world.
I have burdened mankind since the dawn of history.
I spread misery and desolation. Innocent children are my special prey.
I bring pain, sickness, death, yet few seek to escape me.
I destroy and maim; I give nothing, but take all.
I destroy health and wreck homes.
I am relentless; the rich and poor alike I seek. Both weak and strong, old and young, are my victims.
I cause commerce to stand still; I depopulate cities and destroy nations.

I AM PREVENTABLE DISEASE**I AM THE CONQUEROR OF PREVENTABLE DISEASES**

I am stronger than all the nations of the world.
I am the coworker of medicine and surgery.
I save thousands of lives each year.
I restore children to their parents.
I banish plague and pestilence.
I convert the fever-ridden jungles into health resorts.
I prevent sickness, disease, suffering.
I add years to the lives of thousands.
I am on guard at all times; my vigilance never ceases.
I bring cleanliness, good cheer and wholesome living.
I make mankind happier, I bring prosperity. Towns spring up and grow under my protection.
I am necessary for the progress of the world. Trains and ships move under my protection.
I watch over the children in the schools, the soldiers in the camps and trenches, the sailors on the sea, and the people at home.

I AM SANITATION**MISFITS**

Perhaps you're sadly out of place; perhaps you were intended, with your ability and grace, for something high and splendid; but while you're doomed to hold a job that mocks your high ambition, it isn't to moan or sob about your punk condition. If you were born for better things, the work you do will show it; perhaps some day you'll walk with kings, or be a wealthy poet. I used to ride a mangy steed, and herd a bunch of cattle, while thinking I was born to lead the mighty hosts in battle. Such work to me was an offense; the ground was rough and rutty, the pony hadn't any sense, the cattle all were nutty. I herded, though the best I knew, and chased the locoed heifers, while through my sorrel sideboards blew all kinds of wintry zephyrs. And when I quit the foreman cried, urbanely and politely, "You seemed to take an honest pride in herding cattle rightly." And now I sit in gilded ease, and twang a lyre of pewter, and turn out elegies like these, some cute and others cuter. The weary path on which you hike is rough, but gamely tread it; some day you'll find the job you like, and hold it down with credit.—
Walt Mason.

Mud

It was evening at the edge of a little French village—the only thing visible above the mud. The men, deeply disgusted, had been called out for Retreat. At the command "Right dress!" there was much floundering about before the line slowly oscillated into a semblance of straightness. The company commander, suspicious of A. W. O. L.'s, watched closely as the corporals reported their squads. Suddenly he interrupted. "Report your squad again, corporal!" he commanded.

"Twenty-fourth squad *present*," came the answer.

"What do you mean by reporting all present, Judson?" shouted the captain. "You've only three men in the front rank."

"No, sir!" retorted the corporal, in tones of extreme weariness. "That vacancy is 'Shorty' Meggs. He's in a mud-hole."
—Judge.

(Continued from page 17)

The Fruits of Enthusiastic Service

Some idea of the amount of work done may be gained from the following figures, which cover the entire period of service in the American Expeditionary Force:

Number of poles set	7,458
Kilometers of copper wire run	4,466
Kilometers of other open wire run	788
Feet of twisted pair run	558,857
Number of feet of cable placed	46,321
Number of switchboards installed	55
Number of telephone instruments installed	663

The battalion entrained at Luxemburg on January 11, 1919, arriving at Camp de Souge, Base Section No. 2, S. O. S., on January 16. Shortly after arriving in Base Section No. 2, Major Shearer was relieved from duty with the battalion and assigned to special duty at Paris, being promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Major William P. Wattles, Signal Corps, was assigned to succeed him in command of the 407th. Later Captain F. W. Mastin, who had returned to the battalion from Marseilles, and taken command of Company D was promoted to the rank of Major and the command of the battalion was turned over to him, Major Wattles being assigned to the 106th Field Signal Battalion. The command of Company D was taken over by First Lieutenant J. W. West.

Then followed a long period of weary waiting to get on board ship just outside of Bordeaux. Three months of alternate hope and despair followed, until it seemed more than anybody could stand. One day there would be a rumor that everybody should prepare to embark at once. Then our hopes would be dashed by the news that certain other units had been sent in ahead of us.

But at last positive orders were received for embarkation. The finest thing we saw in France was the last view of the sand bars at the mouth of the Gironde River as the old U. S. S. *Texan* was pulling out for home at last. Seasickness, cramped quarters, poor food,—nothing made any difference to any one then and a message received from Mr. Casler a day or two out from New York, saying that the telephone company was waiting with a big welcome, brought a wave of joy and thankfulness to all our hearts.

Home at Last!

And what a welcome it was! I don't think any of us will ever forget it. Two years' separation with all its discomforts, annoyances and griefs was joyfully forgotten that night when we got back into the family once more.

Throughout its experience with the American E. F., the members of the 407th Telegraph Battalion have been actuated by the ideals of honest service. Thoroughness has been the watchword, and the quality as well as the quantity of work performed is a matter of pride with the personnel. It did not fall to the lot of the battalion to reach the firing line, but the satisfaction of having earned the commendation of the Chief Signal Officer of the American E. F. for its faithfulness to duty, will always remain a pleasant memory in the minds of its members.

A history of the battalion would be incomplete without a record of the men who died in the service. Those who made the supreme sacrifice were: Captain Joseph C. Chrisman, Master Signal Electrician James F. Brengel, Sergeant First Class Arthur Wolfe, Sergeant John S. Syverson, Privates First Class William T. Cullington, William M. Grosser, Robert Blow, and Samuel B. Peacock.

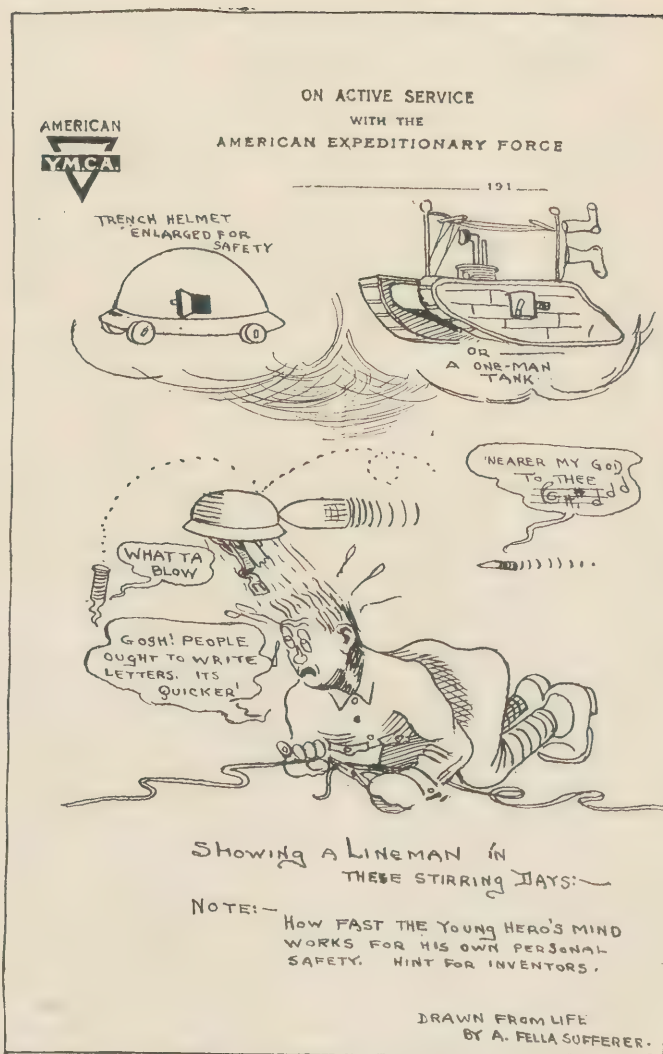
"Heels together! Stand up straight, and button that blouse! Don't you know enough to salute an officer yet?" demanded the C. O. of the new sentry.

"Nope. Just got here yesterday and ain't much acquainted yet."

"Well," replied the C. O., taken aback, "I am the Colonel of the regiment and the commanding officer of this post."

"Good job, old man. Hang on to it," replied the rookie. —*Amer. Legion.*

Personally we try not to be too fastidious in choosing our associates, all the same we never chum with the good fellow kind of man who would ask Saint Peter for a match. —*Dallas News.*

**Some Detail**

Reporter—I understand you were treated like dogs overseas. Can you give me an instance?

Humorous Private—Well, sometimes they put us in pup tents. —*Baltimore American.*

In one of the stevedore regiments that was doing construction work in Mehunsur-Yevre was a dorky who was exceedingly bowlegged. One Sunday morning they were having inspection and the Top Sergeant called, "Tenshun!" He glanced over the line and pointed at the bowlegged negro.

"Look hyah, dorky," he said, "when Ah says 'tenshun Ah means 'tenshun. You all am to come to 'tenshun in the quickest manner possible!"

"Ah am at 'tenshun, sergeant," replied the suspected one, guiltily.

"Yo' ain't a-tall," replied the sergeant, "From the waist up yo' is, but from de waist down yo' is at parade rest." —*Amer. Legion.*

Private Murphy badly needed a week-end pass, but he had had so many his chances looked very slim. However, he paraded before his C. O.

"Sorr, I would loike to get a week-end pass."

"What's the matter this time? Your grandmother hasn't died again, surely?"

"No, sorr; it's loike this, sorr. Oi've a brother who was born blind, sorr, and he's just got his sight and wants to see me, sorr."

Guest—"I would have been here sooner, but I had the misfortune to puncture a tire on a broken bottle."

Host—"But couldn't you see the bottle?"

Guest—Well, hardly; you see it was in the pocket of the fellow I ran over." —*Life.*

A squad from a famous Irish regiment "clicked" the job of burying some Boche dead. After burying about a dozen, they came across a Fritz who whispered, "Me no dead." "And how about this bucko?" said Private Mike to Sergeant Pat, "he ses hez alive." "In wid him," exclaimed Pat, "you couldn't be believin' one o' them on oath."



MONDAY HOSPITAL
VISITING COMMITTEE
HAVERSTRAW, N.Y.
LEFT TO RIGHT, STANDING
MISS BERTHA MENDELSON
MISS MATILDA MENDELSON
SADYE LICHTENSTEIN
SEATED



FRIDAY HOSPITAL
VISITING COMMITTEE
NYACK, N.Y.
LEFT TO RIGHT,
MRS. I. WISNER
MRS. G. BAER



TUESDAY HOSPITAL
VISITING COMMITTEE



FROM
NEW YORK CITY

LEFT TO RIGHT STANDING,
MRS. THERESE FRIEND
MISS ANNA BERNSTEIN
CHAIRMAN OF ALL
VISITING COM.

MRS. CARRIE COHN
SEATED—
MRS. HATTIE TOLEDANS



THURSDAY HOSPITAL VISITING COM. FROM PATERSON, N.J. LEFT TO RIGHT STANDING:- MISS ROSE KUSHNER,
MISS ROSE CHRISMAN, MISS SADIE KUSHNER, MISS HELEN COHN, MISS BERTHE BARNET, SEATED LEFT TO RIGHT,
MRS. B. LOWENTHAL, MISS IDA CHARVICH, MISS RUTH SHAIN, MISS ANNA SINGER, MISS RUTH SHAPIRO, MISS FRANCES BILDER

BROADWAY, NOVEMBER 11TH, 1918

I guess you still remember
On the eleventh of November
How we raised H— on old Broadway;
The cops, they almost juggled us,
And the girls fairly hugged us,
I wish they'd always carry on that way.

The armistice was signed,
And the girls didn't mind,
What happened down on old Broadway;
It seemed they loved the soldiers,
Even those without broad shoulders,
Every uniform was mussed up on that day.

The only boys who had come back
Were those who hailed from Hackensack,
The A. E. F. was far from old Broadway;
So we took the candy kisses
From all the dandy misses,
And we didn't go to camp to hit the hay.

New York would do a fair thing
If they welcomed General Pershing
Like the armistice on old Broadway;
If the General couldn't bear it
He could call over at Camp Merrit
And we would go without a cent of pay.

When I become a millionaire,
That's when my poems turn out fair,
You will find me down on old Broadway;
For I am going to be there
Even when I have gray hair,
'Cause I want to see the place again as gay.

JOSEPH U. LUTZ.

ADDRESS BY MR. JOHN L. SWAYZE

Men of the 407th Battalion! American Soldiers! Telephone Boys! Whether you belong to Kelly's Flying Squadron or Napoleon's Little Army, be you officers or enlisted men, we welcome you back to your own people with proud hearts. Twenty-one months ago we said farewell and Godspeed to you in the great adventure of war. Since then you have faced the naked verities of life. You have suffered hardships, and faced death, disease, and suffering with courage and devotion which knew no limit. We are proud that no matter what the job was or the difficulties to be overcome, you have put into it your best endeavor and cheerfully performed your duties; and the results achieved justified our faith and confidence. You can now look back for the rest of your lives with pride and satisfaction that you were good soldiers.

Your three service stripes are only the outward symbol of your service. Ineffaceably imprinted on your characters and your hearts is that best of all rewards, the knowledge that in a great crisis of your country you did not fail to respond, but with a smile and high courage you rose up and played the part of men without counting the cost or caring for the result to self.

You will soon forget the mud and rain and the unpleasant things you have experienced as soldiers in France. All these will be but memories, but there will always endure the satisfaction of having risen to the full measure of the situation. You will always remember with pride and satisfaction that your deeds leave no sting of shame and that your service will be part of one of the brightest pages of your country's history. Nothing can efface from your memory or from the memory of your country what you have done. Words are but weak things at the best in the face of deeds and perils faced and duty performed, but as far as we can we desire to express to you in words today our great pride in your achievements and the gladness and satisfaction we feel to have you back home again to take up your jobs and do your work in civil life as you did in war.

We asked of our soldiers the performance of what seemed to be a miracle. They were wonderful in the performance because they never set a limit to their efforts in the fight. The soldiers had one job to do and that was to win the war, and it was largely due to their unwillingness to recognize a limitation that the result was accomplished.

RECRIMINATION

New Era

Ting-a-ling-a-ling!

The Rev. George C. Abbitt took down the receiver and placed it to his ear.

"Is that the Dickel Liquor Company?" a woman asked.

Mr. Abbitt recognized the voice as that of one of his parishioners.

"No," he replied in stern reproof, "it is your rector."

Was there a dull thud?

No.

"Indeed," said the lady, quick as a flash, "and pray what are you doing there?"—*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

The following letter has been forwarded to us by Mr. G. H. Howell, local commercial manager, Hackensack, with the information that the subscriber was promptly supplied with a new mouthpiece and cord:

New York Telephone Company.

Dear Sir: My wife left town while I was at work, and left two six-months-old puppy dogs in the house. When I came home I hardly knew my own home, it was so disarranged. The telephone was lying on the floor, the *mouthpiece* broken and one of the *wires chewed off* near the *receiver*. The loss to bed clothing, etc., will amount to fully \$25. The dogs will be kept in the barn hereafter. Will you kindly send someone up Wednesday or Thursday, if possible, to put the telephone in order again, as I am in a lonely spot—especially at night. I will have someone to wait on your men Wednesday or Thursday, as my wife is away and I have to go to work.

Hoping you will give this matter your kind consideration, I am,

Sincerely yours,

_____, Westwood.



French Soldier Using Trench Telephone



WHEN THE TELEPHONE RINGS

Everybody listens when the phone bell rings;
 Everybody wonders what's the message that it brings;
 Everybody's guessing is it gladness, is it mirth,
 Is it sorrow, is it struggle, is it death, is it cheer—
 Everybody listens when the 'phone rings, dear.
 Everybody listens to that ting-aling, ting;
 Wondering if they know who has made the ring.
 Wondering if it's them that the call comes for,
 Wondering if it's life with its clang, its roar,
 Wondering if it's love with its peace and its spell—
 Everybody listens to the telephone bell;
 Everybody listens, at the office, at the house,
 Waiting for the message just as quiet as a mouse;
 Wondering if its meaning will be happy or be sad.
 Wondering if the answer will be somber or be glad;
 Wondering what the story is that comes on magic wings—
 Everybody listens when the 'phone bell rings.

—Camden Journal.

She Wanted the M. T. C. No. 408

Lady (calling camp from N. Y.)—"Is this Camp Merritt 2000? Connect me with the Military Telephone Connection 408."

Camp Operator—"I will connect you with the Motor Transport Company 408, lady. I think that is what you want."

Subscriber—"Oh, yes, Central, how stupid of me."

A telephone made it possible for Miss Marjorie Dumont and Lt. R. W. Meade to be married in an airplane more than 2,000 feet above the heads of 10,000 spectators at Ellington Field, Houston, Texas. Ordinarily the noise made by the motor of the airplane would make it difficult for the Army Chaplain to express himself so that he could be heard, but this difficulty was overcome by installing a temporary telephone system.

Wrong Number

"Did you ever get a proposal, auntie?"

"Once, my dear. A gentleman proposed over the telephone, but he had the wrong number."—*Tit-Bits*.

No Rest for the Weary

Robert—Did you enjoy yourself while your wife was on her vacation?

Herbert—No, I dreamt about her all the time.

SOLDIERS' PRAYER

1

Now I lay me down to sleep,
 I grant the Lord my gun to keep,
 And may no other soldier take
 My shoes and socks before I wake.

2

Oh Lord, please guard me in my slumber,
 And keep my coat upon this lumber;
 Grant that no pegs or guide ropes break,
 To let my tent down ere I wake.

3

Lord keep me safely in thy sight,
 And let no fire drills come tonight;
 And in the morning let me wake,
 Breathing the scent of sirloin steak.

4

Relieve me from all work and drills,
 When I am sick save me from pills;
 If I should break an arm of mine,
 Grant it be free from iodine.

5

Show me the way to a feather bed,
 For there I long to lay my head.
 Far, far away from all camp scenes,
 And from the smell of half baked beans.

6

Take me back, O Lord, into the land
 Where I can walk without a band;
 Where no loud raucous bugle blows,
 And where the women wash the clothes. Amen.

—Cont. by Miss Jeanette Mattitall, A. N. C.

Soc Et Tu Um

Mr. Neverwed—They're still talking about a tax on bachelorhood.

Mrs. Longwed—And why not? All other luxuries are being taxed.



American Soldiers in France, Serving Trench Mortar. Notice Soldier at Telephone Awaiting Word to Fire
(Committee on Public Information)



British Royal Engineers on a Construction Truck Receiving Orders Over the Telephone While Building a Line on the Western Front

REAL CHIVALRY

Give your seat on the crowded car to the man who wears a wound stripe!

Don't enter into competition with the man who carries the gold stripe on his right sleeve when the rush for available seats is in progress.

A few soldiers who were disgracing the uniform they were privileged to wear by petty grafting on the New York public caused quite a deal of publicity through the press, and necessary measures were effectively taken to stamp out the evil, but the number of civilians grafting on the returned soldiers far exceeds the number of soldiers grafting on the public, yet this has never been deemed worthy of mention. There are many examples of civilian nuisances that the soldiers must put up with, such as the boresome salesmen who meet the soldiers at every turn in the road trying to make them place orders for photographs, the kids who sell gum wherever a crowd of soldiers have made a practice of going for reasonable meals, the urchins and bums of the parasite type who make it their business to beg a coin from every good-natured soldier they meet, and lastly those of the so-called fair sex who ride on the common carriers and invariably take their stand in front of the man in uniform when the cars are crowded, taking for granted that for some unknown reason the soldier must rise immediately and proffer his coveted seat.

Army Routine

Captain to 1st Lieut.—“Lieut., clean up that pile of rubbish.”

First Lieut. to 2nd Looie—“Lieut., remove that debris.”

Second Looie to Top-Kick—“I want that pile of rubbish moved immediately.”

Top-Kick to Sergeant—“Have that rubbish carted away.”

Sergeant to Corporal—“Get that pile of brush down to the dump.”

Corporal to Buck—“Hey you, now, move that pile to helloutof-here.”

Buck—He moves it.

Extracts From the Reverie of Glen Gregory

And when I get out of the army I'm going to buy me two mules and I'm going to call one Corporal and one Sergeant, and then I'm going to get a nice heavy ball bat and nail them between the two eyes.

C. O. (meeting private who has been absent without pass)—Why are you absent from your quarters, Jake? Go right to your barracks or I will have to put you in the guard-house with only one-third of your pay.

Jake—Sir, I think I'll take up your proposition, as I've been in camp three months without any pay and one-third will be better than none at all.

There is a Nurse on Ward 18 who is so hard BoILT that when she comes through the ward the shoes under the patients beds snap to attention.

THE SOLDIERS OF THE SWITCHBOARD

I want a cross of honor to pin on some one now

Who is not in trenches nor on the firing line

The soldiers of the switchboard who are helping, too, somehow,
To keep the Boches running to their ramparts o'er the Rhine.

I want a crown of glory to place on their heads, too,

For all their splendid service, their patience and their skill—

The soldiers of the switchboard who put your message through,
And give a loving service to their country with a will.

I want a song to cheer them as each day rolls along

So full of tiresome labor with receivers at their ear—

The soldiers of the switchboard, who deserve a bit of song,
A word of golden comfort and a hip-hurrah of cheer.



Erecting Telephones Along a French Road Near St. Mihiel Sector



CONTRIBS



TODAY

Do not think in your Yesterdays; dream in your Tomorrows—act Today.

Yesterday does not exist; Tomorrow is beyond the range of vision.

Nothing that you said; nothing that you did Yesterday can be unsaid, undone.

Tomorrow is the mirage of hope, the lure that lingers at twilight in the Western sky, like the rainbow of promise—the bribe, the threat that leads us on.

At dawn, Today, a new world of Opportunities were born. Today tells whether the lessons of Yesterday were well learned.

Today will tell whether you are prepared to take the next step—Tomorrow.

Some men sit on the back seat of a touring car as though they thought the rest of the world was waiting until they got to the office.

I would say to the country boy, it is better to wear a path to the cow pasture than to polish a bench in Central Park.

We may not like a frank, open, candid friend, but we may need him.

Spend a little more time looking for the good, and a little less time in looking for the bad. You will elevate yourself, and those around you.

Life is a game of solitaire. When we win by cheating, we are only cheating ourselves.

Most men are in for celebrations, but object to being put on the committee to take down the decorations.

THE PROPHECY

There was a goody-goody boy
Who learned his lessons well,
And took a vast amount of joy
In knowing how to spell.
Whenever other boys were slow
With their arithmetic,
He'd raise his hand and say, "I know!"
And tell the answer, quick.
So good a child, in short, was he,
His teacher used to say,
"Our little George will surely be
The Governor some day!"

There was another little boy
Who sat up nights to find
Ingenious methods to destroy
The teacher's peace of mind.
He'd scatter powder on the floor
To make the children sneeze,
His teacher, whom he should adore,
He called a piece of cheese.
And she would frown and look severe,
And shake her head, and say,
"If Thomas won't be good, I fear
He'll go to jail some day."

Now teachers do not always know—

For there is no sure rule

Of telling where a boy will go

When he departs from school.

Good boys have perpetrated crimes

And fallen to disgrace,

While naughty boys have oftentimes

Been foremost in the race.

But that is not the ending for

This truthful little tale,

For George became a Governor

And Thomas went to jail!

SILVER STRIPES INSTEAD OF GOLD

Darling, here's your hero bold,
Silver stripes instead of gold,
Shine upon my sleeve today
Because I could not sail away.

But my darling, don't you bleat,
None thinks you had cold feet,
You had to do as you were told,
Silver stripes instead of gold.
—With apologies.

GRUMBLERS

The way some fellers carry on,
Fault-finding with the things they see,
You'd think that once they'd lived upon
A better world than this can be;
An' yet I notice all the time
They're utterin' their loud complaints
They never show by faith sublime
They've ever lived among the saints.

You'd think to listen to them whine
That in some far-off long ago
Another sphere, where all was fine,
It was their privilege to know.
Like foreigners that won't forget
The land they left an' claim to miss,
They dwell among us all, an' yet
They know a better earth than this.

Whenever I am forced to hear
A man dissatisfied, exclaim
That life is desolate an' drear,
An' full of bitterness an' shame;
When he is grumbling at his woes
An' sneering down things of worth,
I'd like to ask him if he knows
A better an' a happier earth?

Is there among the million spheres
That swing about us night an' day
A world where all unknown are tears
An' only happy people stay;
An' do the grumblers here recall
That there they lived an' walked about?
If so, I'm not surprised at all
The angels rose an' kicked 'em out.

—Exchange.



"Signal Corps Girls" who operated at General Pershing's Headquarters, March, 1919

First Row: Left to right—Miss Delta E. Hagan, Miss Leonie C. Peyron, Miss Bernadette Doucette, Miss Oleda Joure, Miss Yvonne Santier, Miss Alice Ward, Supervisor. Second Row: Mrs. Denise Ingram, Miss Louise Gordon, Miss Florence Keyser, Miss Ethel Heyser, Miss Marie Ponsolle, Miss Hazel Hammond, Miss Helen Cook, Chief Operator. Third Row: Miss Anna Kinney, Miss Helen Hayes, Miss Charlotte Gyss, Miss Helen Sealey, Miss Lydia Gelinis, Miss Kathleen Hyatt.

MUSTERED OUT

Telephone Properties Returned to Their Owners

Determination to Make the Company the Respected and Admired Institution That It Has Always Been, and Our Service the Pride and Joy of All Americans

By F. H. BETHEL, First Vice-President

THE Congress has enacted, and the President has approved, a bill directing the return of telephone properties to their owners at midnight, July 31, 1919. The organization made effective for the management of the business by the Postmaster-General will go out of existence and the old organization will come back. The relations between the corporate managements and the Postmaster-General have been most harmonious.

The managers have done all in their power to assist the Post Office Department, and that Department has offered every encouragement to the managers.

But now we come to our own again. We have been mustered out, and we set ourselves with determination to make the institution of which we are a part—the Bell Telephone System—the respected and admired institution that it has always been. No one knows better than I know the difficulties that are ours, but I know, too, of the honest efforts every one of you is making to overcome them.

Criticism that comes to us is often unfair, and in some cases positively cruel. In saying this, I have in mind the criticism aimed at times at the loyal, hardworking women in the Traffic Department. In past years a material falling off in traffic was noted during the summer months. This year, with facilities impaired and the forces still weakened by causes beyond our ability to correct, the traffic has continued to increase until in our larger exchanges it is simply impossible properly to handle it. The young women have, however, with courage, with patience, and with unswerving devotion to duty accepted the increasing loads put upon them and have rendered a service to the public and to the Company that commands our highest admiration.

As to the equipment, everybody knows that this great system cannot bring into existence the plant needed to meet the increasing public demands for service in the brief period that has elapsed since the armistice was signed, any more than could the shipbuilding plants of the world build and put upon the seas ships to replace those that were sunk during the war had those plants been declared, as ours was declared, non-essential while the war was on. There is no magic in this thing. It requires planning, it requires execution, it requires money, millions of money, and it requires time. Twenty or thirty million dollars cannot be transformed into buildings, switchboards, conduits, and cables in a month or in a year. Our

TWO pretty girls met in the street and kissed each other rapturously. Two young men watched the proceeding.

"There's another of those things I hate," said one.

"What's that?" asked his friend.

He pointed to the scene. "Women doing men's work."

A flashily dressed young man entered a large office and enquired of the busy boss: "Have you an opening for a bright young man?"

"Yes," growled the boss, "and don't slam it as you go out."

Sentry—Halt, who is there?

Passerby—Stable Sergeant McDuff.

"Advance, Stable Sergeant McDuff, and be recognized."

Sergeant advances to within three paces and halts.

Sentry (Sniff, sniff!)—Pass on, Stable Sergeant.

men in great numbers went to war. Our women in great numbers went to other employment—employment declared to be essential to winning the war. These losses, of course, had their effect upon the service we render, but they were not our most serious losses. By far the most serious thing that happened to us was the coming of the influenza epidemic. That epidemic was most violent with people of ages ranging about as the ages range in our traffic forces. Its terrible effect upon us is reflected in a chart appearing elsewhere in this issue of *The Telephone Review*. But bravely we have "carried on" and despite the ever increasing use of the telephone in business and social life—despite the great difficulties that are ours—despite criticism based upon a lack of understanding of our difficulties—I say that in spite of all of these things the spirit of the Bell will assert itself—the old employee, the new employee, the supervisor, the manager, the executive, the entire organization—one for all and all for one—will go forward as in the days of old with a common purpose and with confidence in our ability to make our service again the pride and joy of all Americans.

62 DIVORCED FRENCH WAR BRIDES GO HOME

Paris, Aug. 31.—Sixty-two French women who married Americans, army officers or soldiers, and were subsequently divorced in the United States, returned to France on the same steamer this week, according to the newspaper *Avenir*.

Most of them, the newspaper added, returned not because of personal differences with their husbands, but because of the inability of the brides to adapt themselves to the American mode of living.

Seen and Heard About the Hospital

Sergt. Synnesvedt, bawling out some poor buck who only understands three words of English, namely, "Go to H——."

The part in Sam Insull's hair.

Re-enlistment arguments in the Mess Hall.

Two privates moving a piano; 8½ men (namely, 8 sergeants and 1 corporal) bossing the detail.

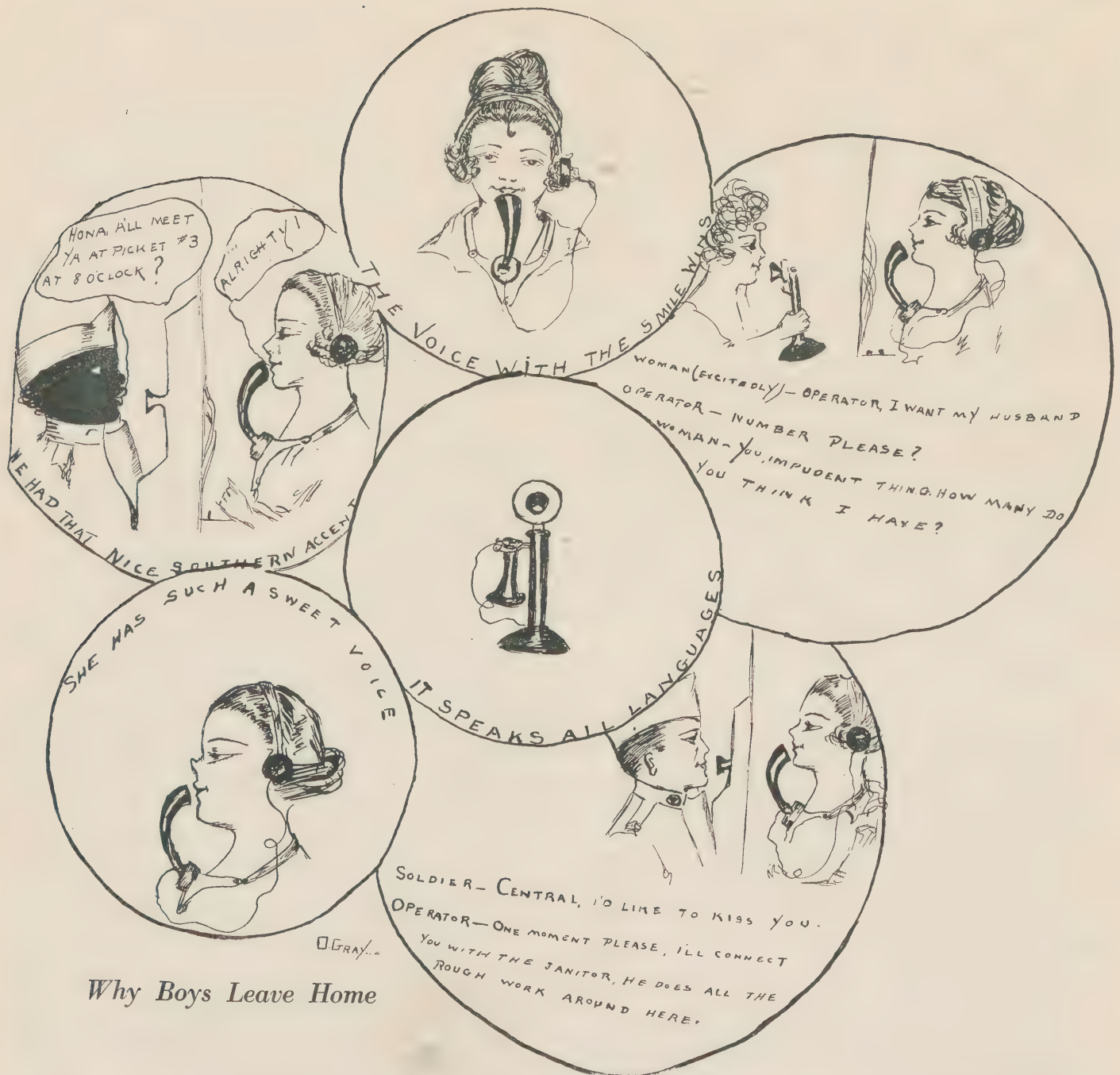
The new army being recruited from New York.

When one becomes a non-com. he ceases to work. Theoretically we are all non-coms.

When the army has an inkling you don't know anything you are made a corporal.

When it finds out you DON'T know anything you are made a sergeant.

But when it becomes positive that you are lacking in gray matter you are made Top-Kick.



Why Boys Leave Home

Rules for Army Weddings

Following are the rules for army weddings at Coblenz, according to the *Watch on the Rhine*, the American soldier paper there:

1. The march of the bridal party up the aisle of the church will be at attention. A cadence of 80 steps to the minute will be maintained for the length of the march.
2. Unless otherwise announced, the guide is right as the party proceeds toward the altar.
3. The guests will execute eyes right or eyes left, as the case may be, as the bride, bridegroom and their attendants march up the aisle.
4. The father of the bride, after having given her in marriage, will right oblique and continue to march until he has deployed himself from the bridal party proper.
5. The bridal party, as it aligns itself in front of the altar, will dress on the best man.
6. Ring bearers, flower girls, pages, etc., will act as file closers.
7. During the ceremony the guests will remain at parade rest.
8. When the party has arranged itself in company front formation the officiating clergyman will take his place two paces to the front and will read the articles of matrimony.
9. Immediately after the ceremony the command "At Ease!" will be given. (Note: Bride and bridegroom are not expected to be at ease, however.)—*Come Back*.

Captain Smith (relating thrilling experience)—We were having a terrible time until the French brought up their 75's.

Geraldine—I do think it is splendid for men of that age to be fighting, don't you?

DESERVED APPRECIATION

General John J. Pershing, commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, is home. New York City greeted the man who is the living symbol of America's army. He was the leader who blazed the trail across the Atlantic, organized his machine and then used them to such advantage that the war ended a year earlier than was expected. Those were his accomplishments, and it is for those deeds that his country is cheering him.

It is now that General Pershing must pass through the trying times that come to every man who has established himself in a high place. He will be assailed and the jealous will leave no stone unturned in an effort to show that his work was nothing more than good luck and the deeds of subordinates. There have been murmurings already, but no one of importance yet has brought charges. That Pershing has made mistakes is to be expected, for he has shown himself to be a human and not a dweller on Mount Olympus. It is to be remembered, however, that he was the only commander-in-chief of any of the great armies to hold the position through the whole time of his country's participation in the war. French gave way to Haig, Joffre to Neville and Foch, Cordova to Diaz and Von Moltke to Falkenhayn and Falkenhayn to Hindenburg and Ludendorff. We were not in the war as long as Great Britain, France, Italy and Germany, but we were in long enough to put the head of our army to the acid test.

When General Pershing's deeds are cried down let us recall what he really DID and then throw aside the talk of what some other man MIGHT have done.

It is a second celebration of victory that New York is now
(Continued on page 30)

WAR BRIDES—BRIDES ARE WAR

We have often been asked why we refer to marriage in the same sense as war. There is no difference. A fellow meets a girl and decides that she is the woman that he wants to battle with through life. You present arms and she falls in. You talk it over and decide on an engagement. At the marriage bureau you sign up. A minister swears you in. There are only a few skirmishes during the courtship. The real fighting starts after marriage. That's when a man thinks he is a colonel and he is only a nut.

In the home, as well as on the battlefield, they use hand grenades such as flat irons, rolling pins, etc.

The wife is usually a good rifler, as she rifles her husband's pockets every night. She takes your large money and confines you to quarters. Whether you have done anything or not she usually has you on mess detail. She makes her counter-attacks in the department store and knows how to charge.

She is your commanding officer, and you are her supply officer. In the trenches the fight lets up once in a while, but in the house the fiercest fighting is yet to come—wait until the infantry arrives.

Instead of shouldering arms, you shoulder baby. On the battlefield shells may screech and scream, but they have nothing on the baby. You get your walking papers every night. This is the only hike you take.

In the war you only sign up for four years. There is no clause like that on your wedding certificate. You can get exempt from war on account of marriage, but you can't get exempt from marriage on account of war.—*Reveille.*

Stay Single.

LUCRE

To make money dealing in stocks on a margin is as easy as putting your trousers on in an upper berth of a sleeper.

Money never ruined any man. It simply enables him to pursue his natural inclinations on a larger scale. It permits the generous man to be a philanthropist, and elevates the loafer to a society swell and transforms the sot into a bon vivant.

Friends are like titled husbands, pedigreed dogs or racing automobiles. Easy to get if you have enough money.

Most men would like to be rich. Many are able and more are willing. As fate plans it, few who would can; and fewer who can, will.

You may be over-charged for something good, but you never get a poor thing cheap.

Wealth may be the cause of much misery and discontent, but there are thousands of self-sacrificing people who are eager to succor the over-burdened.

When a man is best able to enjoy money he is struggling to earn it. When at last he acquires great wealth he is most likely old, and indifferent, and dyspeptic.

The only way to dispose of money and be certain of something in return is to spend it.

Money is not the fountain-head of all happiness but those who feel that they would be lighter-hearted in poverty need not search long for relief.

Why abuse a miser? Unless he stole his dollars he has a perfect right to squeeze them. He gets mighty little fun out of it, and will soon enough have to let it go.

A man cannot be a millionaire without the millions, but he can enjoy all the sensations of a millionaire on five thousand a year except owning the money. But after all that is the smallest part of it.

As a child cries for a toy, only to throw it aside for another, so the money-maker spends his life madly reaching for that which he neither needs nor really wants.

Corporal's chevrons should be nickle plated so as the poor private may recognize their august superiors more easily.

(Continued from page 29)

holding. The plaudits for Pershing are for himself, for his army and for his country. Two and a half years ago we sent him out to tell the world that we would batter down the Germans. Today he comes back to us to tell us that his task is done.

Pershing, we are glad you are here.

TO A CERTAIN LITTLE GIRL

By S. E. KISER

You must hasten every morning to a place
Where men are paid to order or obey,
And, because you're young and have a pretty face,
I hope some angel guards you day by day.
You need not fear the clerk who thinks only of his work
And the baby that has brought him happiness,
But beware of older men who come slyly, now and then,
To remind you of the beauty you possess.

In the windows that you pass are many things
That make you envious or coax your glance—
And you hurry on with proud imaginings,
Or sigh because you lack some other's chance.
How bright the world would seem if you were free
From all the care your daily needs demand.
So many things are not as they should be!
You find it hard sometimes to understand.

Yesterday I saw you in the crowded car,
And you shrank from one who sat beside you there.
She may once have been as lovely as you are,
Thinking all men's tempting promises fair.
How pitiful her efforts were to hide
The truth that showed so clearly through her paint,
And you looked, as you were sitting by her side,
As if to touch her was to suffer taint.

Little girl, there is so much that you must learn,
And much, I hope, that you may never know!
The weekly wage you get is hard to earn,
And earning it must often seem so slow!
May some angel guard you when you are sought by smirking men,
Who are lavish with their promises and praise.
You are beautiful and young, a sweet innocent among
'Despoilers who are wise in many ways.

BACK TO THE OLD LOVE

Private Green loved a farm maiden,
Who dwelt near the garrison gate;
And several times o'er this youth fondly swore
That none was so lovely as Kate.

Corporal Green loved a school-miss,
Who cared less for books than for boys;
He was fond of this girl with her brown hair a-curl,
And thought he had found Love's true joys.

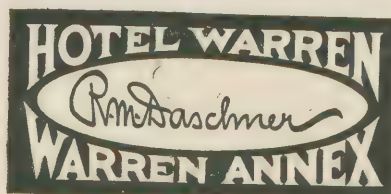
With Sergeant Green it was different,
He loved a typist uptown;
She was a broker's clerk who shirked all her work,
But alas; the false one threw him down.

Lieutenant Green loved a debutante,
Who talked of books, music and art;
But the "course of true Love" only runs smooth Above,
And their ways had to lie far apart.

Captain Green sought an actress,
And with love in his eyes he tarried;
But the curtain was dropped and the play soon was stopped,
When the Captain found out she was married.

Major Green, at forty years odd,
Fearing a bachelor's fate,
Went back again to rove with his old boyhood love,
And somehow—he married Kate!

WORCESTER, MASS.



TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

We want to thank you for the generous response to our talk last month. The MESS-KIT will soon be in the class with a sure enough Metropolitan Magazine, if this keeps up, and we hope it will. We just think over here at Camp Merritt that the New York and New Jersey folks are just about the best folks there is, as William Green Hill would say. You are certainly holding up our hands while we get this Magazine in the homes of people in the other States. We *thank* you, and we are going to try to see that you do not have cause to regret this assistance. Until things get back to normal with the Government the Service Publications can't expect much help from Congress. So we must fight our own battle in our effort to keep the Hospital Magazine going until the time comes when we can get official recognition. If you don't know what that means, ask the Intelligence Officer, because we don't know ourselves.

The price of paper, printing and things in general has been increased until we are compelled to charge more for our magazine, or put out a poorer paper. We can't afford to do that, so beginning this month the price of the MESS-KIT will be \$1.50 a year, 75 cents for six months, and 50 cents for three, single copies 15 cents. We hate to make this increase but we have no choice in the matter, as the fellow said when he married the widow. We have gone over the figures carefully and the only way we can operate, except at a loss is to make this increase. As we have said before there is no profit in this for any of us, and our force has been greatly reduced all of which tends to make the matter of making both ends meet a harder one.

This month too we start a new Department. The Port of Missing Friends. This will be in charge of one of the well-known Welfare Workers, a lady in New York City, who does not wish her name to appear. For this reason the name of the lady conducting this Department will be known as Ruthie Ann. If you have lost your sweetheart on account of the war, or your husband, or just a friend and want our help in locating him, bringing him back or otherwise serving you, just write to Ruthie Ann. Your letter will be forwarded to this lady, who will hold it sacredly confidential. If you are a distressed soldier's wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, if there is anything you wish to **know** about a man in or out of the Service, who has ever been in, and we can serve you through this Department, it will be a pleasure to do so. No letter will be published with the true name, or in any way let the public know who the writer is, at the same time we will not answer anonymous letters. So now use us in any way we can help.

One more thing, and we will hang up for this time. Remember the MESS-KIT is yours. Write to us at any time as to what you would like to see in it, and when you haven't anything else to do go out and get us a new subscriber. THE EDITOR.

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

If you've a tender message or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it, but whisper it today.
We live but in the present, the future is unknown;
Tomorrow is a mystery, today is all our own.
The tender words unspoken, the letter never sent,
The long-forgotten messages, the wealth of love unspent,—
For these some hearts are breaking, for these some loved ones wait,

So show them that you care for them before it is too late.

—WARD HEALER.

Pyramus on the Wire

"Please, Central, will yer gimmie back me two bits? I didn't git the one I axed fer." "Why, then, did you keep on talking?" "Well, you see, Central, I thought 'twus her, an' she thought 'twus me, but 'twan't neither of us."—*Southern Telephone News.*

Young Wife (at home)—"Hello, dearest."

Husband (at the office)—"Hello, who is it?"—*Clipped.*

Applicant for Job—What's the chance for a fellow beginning at the bottom and working up?

Foreman of Telephone Gang—None; our job is digging holes.—*The Pacific Telephone Magazine.*

We are pleased to announce that this month we are starting a *Physical Culture Department*—written by George H. McClellan himself—he will answer your questions through THE MESS-KIT columns and also show you the right road to health.

We will welcome communications from our subscribers on anything pertaining to Physical Culture, especially personal experiences on methods adopted that have brought you good health. We will be glad to have photographs showing "Before and After." Watch this department.

After trying in vain for months to get a house, Brown set out one day with a find-a-house-or-die look on his face. He wandered about all day without being successful, till at last his steps led him to the river.

"Ah!" he said in utter despair, "how tempting it looks!" He was almost inclined to plunge in and end it all.

All of a sudden he heard a splash and, looking around, he saw his friend Green struggling in the water. Without attempting to save him he rushed off to the local house agent.

"Quick!" he gasped. "Green has fallen in the river. Can I have his house?"

"Sorry," said the house agent. I've already let it to the man who pushed him in."—*London Ideas.*

A flashily dressed young man entered a large office and enquired of the busy boss: "Have you an opening for a bright young man?"

"Yes," growled the boss, "and don't slam it as you go out."

Solving the Problem

A little girl aged three had been left in the nursery by herself, and her brother arrived to find the door closed.

The following conversation then took place:

"I wants to tum in, Cissie."

"You tant tum in, Tommie. Ise in my nightie and nursie says little boys mustn't see little girls in their nighties."

After an astonished and reflective silence on Tommie's side of the door the miniature Eve announced triumphantly:

"You tan tum in now, Tommie? I'se tooked it off."

What Makes the Operator Wild

"Hello! Oh, operator! Will you please get Ordabin 1230 while I change my shirt?"—*Request from a Camp Merritt officer.*

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TODAY

AFTER THE WAR, WHAT?

AFTER the war, what? Even before the United States was forced into the war, people were asking that question and answering it more or less to their own satisfaction and from their own point of view, and that is the point—it can't be answered by people as a whole nor by anyone for a whole people. It has to be answered by each individual, as an individual, by himself and for himself. Also each one answering it has to answer it honestly and correctly, for if it is slighted or answered lightly, then there is very liable to be just as many failures in life as there are incorrect answers to this question.

We are home. The Mademoiselles, Frauleins, "beaucoup francs" and "viel geld" are things of the past. Shortly, O. D. reveille and guard mount will also go into the discard for most of us: then what?

Ever since November 11, 1918, the biggest noise in this man's army has been "We wantta go home." Well, we are home, what are you going to do with it?

The war will only end for us when we get our final statements and a ticket home, but the war ended for the United States on November 11, 1918, and right now they have a new war on their hands, the war of reconstruction, and it's a harder war than any we've seen yet.

It remains to be seen whether we will try to stick around in the S. O. S. of the new war, or go over the top in the front wave like the Indian Heads always did. Maybe we won't get any help, what of it? We took many of our objectives and machine guns without any help. Why? Because we had it to do, and we put out to do it. Well, we have just as big a job to do, but it can be done just the same if we are willing to put out to do it. But one thing is certain: if we had sat down and talked all day about how much we did at Chateau-Thierry it wouldn't have helped us any at Soissons; and if we sit down and talk about how much we did in the old war, it won't help us any in winning the new one.

After the Civil War of 1861-1865, there were more "tramps" and "bums" in the United States than ever. Why? Because too many veterans sat down after they received their discharge from the army and called it a day's work. Another reason was that a great many found out that after two or three years of campaigning they couldn't force themselves back to the old routine, to the little narrow groove they had been travelling in before they went into the army. They'd been in the open too long, they wanted to follow a long straight trail and see what was on the other side of the furthest mountains; and travelling round in a little, narrow circle didn't appeal to them, so they started out. Some of them got where they started for, and some never started for anywhere, so they never got anywhere, but the ones that did arrive, got there because they picked out an objective and went to it. That's what is up to us. Pick out an objective and go to it, and when we've taken it, it's up to us to exploit the success and follow it up.

Whether your objective is in Africa, Alaska, or New Jersey makes no never mind, we have always taken our objective, we can do it now.

We went to Europe to do some work, and we did it like Americans. We've come home and there's more work to do. The old objectives are passed, the new ones are before us. Let's go.

E. D. COOKE.

Major, 9th Infantry.

Men Lie Standing Up

Dusty Rambles—I fear dere's no hope for Tomato-Can Willie dese days.

Weary Willie—What's de trouble?

Dusty Rambles—Oh, he's trying to get the hang of rest without the trouble of lying down.

Huh!

Vacationist—Do you have many wrecks here?

Old Timer—Well, I dunno, you're the first I've seen this season.

Plain as Day

"Don't you realize how much your life means to me?"

"Sure; if I die you get my insurance."

WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS FOR THE FUTURE?

In the course of a few weeks most of the men at this post will be back in civil life, with their army life a thing of the past and a mere memory, whether you believe it or not, you have undoubtedly learned many things about yourself and your fellow man, it would be an impossibility to have lived for many months with as fine a bunch of men as we have had here, not to have derived some real benefit from your association with them.

Realizing this, we are taking the opportunity of offering a few suggestions which we sincerely trust may be of some assistance to you, when you again take your place in the great industrial army.

Some of the boys seem to have an idea that from now on the country owes them a living, this to a large extent is true, and she is awaiting for you to come and collect the debt, but don't think for a moment that you can rest on your laurels and have the country bring your living to you on a silver platter, it isn't being done, and anyhow the country is full of heroes today. You must get into the game with all your strength and realize that never before have your chances been better, and never before were the fruits of victory more abundant or worth while. Reconstruction has become almost a National byword. You have an opportunity to get in on the ground floor. Stories of labor troubles are coming to our ears from time to time, and yet there is no question that man power was never worth more than it is today. Get on the job at once, the lessons you have learned in the army will assure you success. Don't allow the murmurings of impotent Bolshevism to undermine your good common sense. You know that you get out of the world just what you put into it. Resolve to put the best you have into your future work, and rest assured that the results will meet your greatest expectations. You were never better fitted to make good than now. So go in and win.—Ex.

THE LOVELY DANCER

BY EDGAR A. GUEST

Now Clarence Filbert Pettijohn is one the girls go wild about,
They're very glad to dance with him while other men must sit 'em out;

He knows the latest fancy steps, he has a graceful form and slim,

The fox trot and the angel glide are just like meat and drink to him.

But Walter Watson has a style that takes the pleasure from a waltz,

He steps upon his partner's feet and has a lot of other faults;
He has no ear for music and no foot to fit the ways of grace,
And when he takes a lady's arm he almost yanks it out of place.

When Walter asks them for a dance, the girls arrange their tucks and bibs,

And smile and say that they're engaged and tell him dainty fibs;
But Clarence Filbert Pettijohn can claim the fairest on the floor,
And when the dance is over she will sweetly sigh and wish for more.

If life were just a ballroom, then we'd hear from Clarence Pettijohn,

The laurel leaves of victory his manly brow would rest upon;
But when the orchestra departs and silenced are the fiddle strings
And day returns with all its tasks, the awkward Walter's doing things.

Oh, girls who love the dreamy dance and like to glide on flying feet,

Remember when you make your choice that life's a fight for things to eat,

And he who steps upon your feet and wins from you an angry glance

May be the man that's worth your while, although he hasn't learned to dance.

(Copyright, 1919, by Edgar A. Guest.)

Officer passing doughboy sitting by the side of the road intently examining the seams of his undershirt—"Picking them out, son?"

Doughboy—"No, sir, I takes them as I finds them, sir."

STACKS^an' STACKS^s O' THINGS

by *STACK*

Wynne Jones, the telephone impresario of the Bronx, told us the following:

Mrs. Jones—I met Charley Fuller today. He says I am getting fat.

Jones—It's natural he should say so.

Mrs. Jones—Why?

Jones—You were looking Fuller in the face.

—*Harlem Magazine.*

"With a telephone and a wife a man ought to hear all that's going on."

This story took place in France. The scene is an operating room in a military hospital. A large warehouse across from the hospital had been set on fire and the entire scene was lit by the red glow of the burning stores.

A patient was coming out from under an anæsthetic after a very difficult operation.

"Pull down the curtain, nurse," said the operating surgeon.

"What for?" asked the nurse.

"I don't want him to think the operation has been a failure."

"How modestly she dresses, and how sensibly."

"Yes, that woman will do anything to attract attention."

Force of Habit

The telephone operator was spending her annual two weeks at a summer hotel in Muskoka. On the first morning she had reason to complain that she had not been called early as she had directed.

"Why didn't you call me early, as I asked?" demanded the young lady.

"I did," replied the proprietor with an injured air. "I called out 'seven-thirty,' and all you said was 'line busy.'"

Foolish Questions

"Camp Merritt," piped a sweet voice over the trunk lines at the Camp Merritt Telephone Exchange and in return was asked this question:

"Central, while coming over on the twelve o'clock boat Sunday night I saw two VERY GOOD LOOKING officers, but as my husband was with me I could not speak to them. Now, I would like to invite them to supper. Could you please locate them for me?" (Connect the subscriber with the Dispatch office.)

Col. Duncan—"Look here! You've been in this telephone booth for half an hour and haven't said a word. Now come out and give me a chance."

Capt. Anderson (of the M. P. S.)—"I am talking to my wife, sir."

Soldier (in booth)—"What! Line still busy? Why, great cats, I've been trying to get that number for half an hour."

Central (sweetly)—"It's a party line, you know."

Man (wildly)—"Party nothing! It's a convention line."

"Know what I am going to do when I get out of the army?"

"No, what?"

"Stay out."

Civilian—"Will you please tell me what division that red stripe stands for on your arm?"

Ex-doughboy—"Sure, that's the division between me and Uncle Sam."

They met one evening face to face,

Their talk was heart to heart.

And when the village clock struck twelve,
He said, "I must depart."

The color all had left her face,

He thought, "It pains her so,

To see me leave, her heart stands still.

She pales to see me go."

Her face was wan, her cheeks were pale,

But that did not denote,

Her color left because he did—

It was upon his coat.

Foolish Statistics

In the year 1918 there were enough bananas imported to this country to furnish 147 slips per capita.

There were 34,789 left elbows worn out during the month of June, caused by too much leaning on the friendly brass rail.

On Aug. 12th there were 124 powder smears left on khaki shoulders in Hackensack.

Advice to Hunters of Public Parks

A khaki or O. D. Serge sleeve is very conspicuous against a light colored summer blouse.

Guard—"Halt, who's there?"

Voice from auto—"Major Hogan and my wife."

Guard—"Corporal of the Guard, Post No. 2, Major Hogan and my wife."

She—"And what regiment are you in?"

He—"The 231st."

She—"Isn't that nice, you will be right next to my brother. He is in the 230th."

The most noticeable thing about the 3rd division was that every other man was a shave-tail.

First Rookie—"Saluting reminds me of poker."

Second Rookie—"Why so?"

First Rookie—"Every time we see an officer we raise him five."
—*Judge.*

General, questioning recruit sentry—"What is the rank of a brigade commander?"

Sentry—"Dunno, sir."

General—"What is the rank of your commander?"

Sentry—"Dunno, sir."

General—"What the devil do you know? Do you know your own rank?"

Sentry—"Yes, sir, rear rank, sir."

Guard—"Halt, who's there?"

Voice from nowhere—"Nobody."

Guard—"Go ahead, I must be seeing things."

Private—"What did the Captain want of you?"

Second Private—"He wanted to know if he could have his old job back pushing a truck in my canning factory."

We get three meals a day in the army—Corn Meal, Indian Meal and Oat Meal.

OUR BUDDIES

If the war has accomplished nothing else, it has brought about an understanding between men, real men, that is closer than friendship, closer than any tie which has bound us together with other men heretofore. So that now, when we refer to our best pal, we call him Buddie, a name that will live forever among the men who have served in this greatest of wars.

Before the war, in civil life, we knew a number of men whom we called friends, men we met every day, men we thought congenial, and we called them friends. We considered them our best friends, but we did not really know them. Neither we nor they had ever had a chance to prove how deep that friendship was, how much we would do for each other. We met them perhaps once during the day or several times through the week, but they were never so close to us as our Buddies, the men we have lived with in the barracks and in the trenches, the men with whom we have shared our last can of Corned Willie, the men who have fought at our sides through many a hard scrap, the men we have seen face the supreme test so many times with undaunted courage, the men we all know, our Buddies.

From now on we shall measure men for what they have done, what we have seen them do when called upon to face the hardest test of all. Never in civil life nor in the Army have men been called upon to prove their worth as they have been these past few years. Each man was measured by a new standard, the standard of courage and ability. His position in society, his wealth or poverty, his political influence did not count either for or against him. What he looked for was the quality of the man himself. If he failed to come up to the standard he could not class as a Buddie.

We know these men around us. They have proven themselves. They are our best pals OUR BUDDIES.

MY REQUEST AS DEATH COMES

When I die, as die some day I must,
I wish it to be late afternoon;
On a warm, drowsy, sunny day.
And may my best friend of men
Walk into a saloon and order
Two of my favorite cocktails
And drink as we did in days
When life for me was jolly.
And may my best friend of Women
Sit waiting her phone to ring,
And at last, when it rings,
And she learns that life
For me has passed away,
May her mind rest at ease,
For just one moment that
I'm not up to some deviltries
With another woman.

A sergeant was so much given to using bad language on the parade-ground that some of the men complained and the C. O. interviewed him, and told him not to let it happen again.

The following morning the sergeant was in charge of a very ragged squad, and after keeping silence for a considerable time, he eventually burst out with:

"Bless you, my pretty dears; you know what I mean."—*Trouble Buster.*

A little Southern debutante was sentertaining a lad from the land of corn and cattle. She was discussing American aristocracy and her grandfather's part in the Civil War.

"And you say, Corporal, that your grandfather, too, was in the struggle with my Dixieland?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Oh, yes; and was he an officer?"

"Naw, he was a buck private, and he run three perfectly good officers ragged all over your Dixieland."—*Judge.*

"Poor boy, you lost your arm!" a well-meaning old lady said to one of our returned heroes. "Well, ma'am, I don't mind that so much," replied the lad, "but it had a \$15 wrist watch on it!"
—*Ontario Post.*

JANE A. DELANO

What a splendid opportunity all the men will have to honor the women who nursed, comforted and inspired them through the months of fighting. All may march in the War Women's Day parade to show only in the smallest degree how the devotion and sacrifice of the women were appreciated. It is a lofty thought, this contemplated parade of many thousands of men doing silent homage to heroic womanhood.

The two great figures that symbolize heroic womanhood are those of Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell. Florence Nightingale represents the spirit of 1854. It was she, the sublime nurse, who founded the vast Red Cross movement of organized mercy. The other, that of Edith Cavell, the victim, the martyr. Both were beautiful in their deeds, both shall live in men's hearts as long as memory endures. Both expressed to its fullest the spirit of devotion, of sacrifice. It is in the spirit of such women that all women labored and sacrificed to bring about this wonderful victory.

There is a third whose name will go down in history, side by side with those of Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell—Jane Delano.

One of the very finest tributes ever paid to woman was the eulogy written after Miss Delano's death, by Professor C. E. A. Winslow, Yale Medical College:

The profession of nursing, from Florence Nightingale to Edith Cavell, has been truly fortunate in its leaders. At times of grave crises there has always been found the woman to meet the emergency; and the service of Miss Delano in the great war was a new demonstration of a glorious tradition. As head of the Nursing Service of the American Red Cross she bore one of the heaviest responsibilities of the war. She bore it so well that whatever unavoidable complications might occur in other branches of the service, there was never for one moment a shortage of the nurses it was her business to supply. She did her immediate work with wisdom and patience and decision. She looked beyond it to the possibilities of Red Cross Service to the cause of public health in peace time, and, in the working out of plans for decentralizing her organization, she builded with vision for the future. Her personality lent dignity and power to the profession which she represented and gave it a worthy voice in the councils of the nation. Both her profession and her nation will remember her with pride and admiration as a great figure in a great period of the world's history.

THE RECONSTRUCTION AIDE

In the U. S. Army Base and general hospitals there are scores of women whose work is not as widely known nor as generally appreciated as it deserves to be.

These women are the Reconstruction Aides in Occupational Therapy, who, under the directorate of their chief, wield a powerful influence for good upon the lives of hundreds of wounded soldiers.

Each day these young women come to the hospital and carry on a highly specialized program of instruction among the wounded overseas soldiers. They teach everything that a soldier manifests a desire to learn, whether it be bookkeeping, typewriting, telegraphy, weaving, basket-making, bead-work, reading, writing, English, French or Spanish. But they do more than that; they create in the minds of many of the soldiers a desire to learn things purposeful and worth while.

At first many of the soldiers lack interest, but very soon, due to the untiring efforts of the Reconstruction Aides, they realize the advantages which their Government offers them and show an eagerness and enthusiasm wonderful to see.

The men have received two distinctive advantages; they have been enabled to endure their period of confinement in the hospital more easily, and they have made their work under the Aides the stepping-stone to further study and instruction—manual and academic.

The public should know the appreciation which the soldiers feel toward the Reconstruction Aides and what they are accomplishing.

Inducements

Shipping Agent—We pay you \$200 for the voyage and a bonus of \$500 if you lose your life by torpedo or mine. Think of that bonus, man; it's at least worth trying for.

THE LADDER

The "Hipp" last week
 * * *
 Showed a picture by
 * * *
 Briggs, the cartoonist
 * * *
 Whom we know especially
 * * *
 By his series of kid
 * * *
 Pictures entitled
 * * *
 "When a Feller
 * * *
 Needs a Friend."
 * * *
 It took me back
 * * *
 To those days
 * * *
 When I hated
 * * *
 To wash my face
 * * *
 And comb my hair
 * * *
 And go to school
 * * *
 Or see the other fellow
 * * *
 Get the only girl
 * * *
 In the wide world
 * * *
 Away from me.
 * * *
 I remember especially
 * * *
 One of those many
 * * *
 Affairs of the heart
 * * *
 When I thot that I had
 * * *
 The young lady cinched
 * * *
 And I had started
 * * *
 To save my pennies
 * * *
 So that we would
 * * *
 Be very, very rich
 * * *
 By the time we
 * * *
 Were old enough
 * * *
 To get married.
 * * *
 On her birthday
 * * *
 I took inventory
 * * *
 And decided that
 * * *
 I could well afford
 * * *
 To spend at least
 * * *
 Ten cents of my savings
 * * *
 For a present.
 * * *
 So I purchased
 * * *
 A beautiful handkerchief
 * * *

With her initials
 * * *
 In one corner
 * * *
 And that night
 * * *
 I called on her
 * * *
 And found her
 * * *
 Entertaining my chum.
 * * *
 With a sickening feeling
 * * *
 On my insides
 * * *
 I turned away
 * * *
 And returned home
 * * *
 With a heavy step
 * * *
 And a heavier heart.
 * * *
 Later I found out
 * * *
 That she shook me
 * * *
 For this other kid
 * * *
 Because he had
 * * *
 A new pair of
 * * *
 Patent leather shoes
 * * *
 Which put him
 * * *
 In the hero class.

—F. A. S.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

JOHN R. HEGEMAN, President.

INVESTIGATION DIVISION

EDW. O. WIETERS, Manager.

New York City, Sept. 12, 1919.

Editor THE MESS-KIT,
 Camp Merritt, N. J.

Sir:

Would you kindly insert the following in the column headed
 "Port of Missing Men"?

Information is desired concerning the circumstances attending the death in action of Sgt. Irving C. Olstrum, Company E, 312th Inf., 78th Division in the St. Mihiel Battle, Sept. 26, 1918. Any news as to Sgt. Olstrums doings in the army up to and at the time of death will be greatly appreciated. Address Ernest E. Davies, Investigation Division, Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 1 Madison Ave., New York City.

DREAMS

I know a hill where the heather blooms,
 Where the wind of heaven blows free;
 Where the sky on high is a blue, blue sky,
 Which smiles on a summer sea.

I know a spot where the sunshine breaks
 On a world that is half asleep;
 Where the sad waves sigh as the day goes by
 And over the bright sand creep.

I know a dream which is mine all day,
 And haunts me the long night through;
 It is sky and sea and a wind that is free
 And the sun and heather and you.

—Irene Stiles in London Answer.

DID YOU

By G. R. DAVEY

Did you ever drive your Lizzie
On a wet and slippery street
When you should have had your chains on
But the mud would soil your feet?

Did you ever hit a crossing,
Your horn forget to blow,
Just avoid a smash-up
'Cause the other man ran slow?

Did you ever "shoot it to her"
To make a hill on high,
Hit a bump and break a spring,
Then stop to wonder why?

Did you ever race your motor
To make time uphill on low,
Then stand a half hour waiting
Till the steam had ceased to blow?

Now stop and think it over
And see if it's not fair
To treat a car with reason
And drive with greater care.

COMMUNION

Soldier, soldier from the wars,
In your eyes a shining light.
Tell me all that you have seen
In the thickest of the fight.
And the soldier answered,
"I have seen—I have seen."

Soldier, soldier back from France,
Victory is yours today.
Tell me all that you have heard
In the battle's din and fray.
And the soldier answered,
"I have heard—I have heard."

Soldier, in your eyes I see
A strength that comes from inward fires,
A stronger spirit, cleanly purged
Of all ignoble, vain desires.

What was it there in No Man's Land
Had raised a human clod?
And then I knew—I knew
That he had talked with God!

SARAH CRAM.

ODE TO HUGHIE JONES
(Professional Tramp)

Alas! Alack! The day has come,
And back to the civies I go;
Back to the habits of a bum,
To wander to and fro.

J. U. L.

TO SLUM BY GUM

The age of guns is over now,
A league of peace ordains;
No more enamel in our chow,
King Slum no longer reigns.

J. U. L.

It's worked an' worked sence I's been borned
And I's tried to do mah bes',
But when I gits ter de Heabenly Lan'
I hopes ter take mah res'.

But when I clumb de Golden Sta'rs
An' set er while ter pant,
En angel come erlong an' said,
"It's time foh yoh ter hant!"

DON'T SHIRK

The thing to do, then, when we suddenly realize we have hurt or slighted some one, is to pull ourselves up, think the matter coolly and logically, and decide just where the blame lies. If it lies at our door, or partly so, we should acknowledge it frankly. Do not make excuses necessary. But make explanations.

The French have a saying, "To understand all is to forgive all." Only the pessimists say, "Explanations never explain." Often they do. And for lack of full and frank explanations the world becomes cluttered up with grievances, sorrows and heart-breaks.

Do not be ashamed to make the first move. Leaving it for the other person to make is catering to your own false pride. Try making the first move yourself and see what a feeling of happiness it gives you.—*Ex.*

JUMPING AT CONCLUSIONS

One thing that we have to learn, if we want to be successful, is that those who differ from us are not necessarily wrong or foolish. Maybe we're the foolish ones instead! An honest opponent may be really more our friend than the one who always agrees. Instant agreement sometimes shows a thoughtlessness which does not auger well for real helpfulness. It may be that those who oppose what we think wise have more knowledge of conditions, or some reason which they cannot disclose for thinking our particular plan not the best one for the time. Why at once jump to the conclusion that they are our enemies?

Jumping at conclusions is a fault which hampers in every way. It is the cause of more failures in perfectly good causes than any other one thing, possibly. One must go slowly and know every step of the way so far as it is possible to know, if one looks for success. It's hard to realize this, in our ardor to accomplish something, but that makes it none the less necessary. If we will not listen, hard experience must teach.

Seeing only one side of the question is another weakness which has wrecked many a plan. There never fails to be two sides, and many times they are manifold. A bit of insincerity, it may be of deceiving ourselves as to exact motive, is another of the rocks which cause failure. Sincerity, careful planning, open minds, these are requisites of real accomplishment. If we do not have them we are not well equipped for any venture.

PNEUMONIA MORE DEADLY THAN BATTLE

In the war with Germany pneumonia killed more American soldiers than were killed in battle. This fact, brought out in the summary published by the general staff, emphasizes once more the important part played by disease in impairing national efficiency.

In 200 days of fighting, in which 1,400,000 soldiers took part, 34,000 men were listed as killed in action. There were more than 40,000 deaths from pneumonia. It is estimated that 25,000 of these were due to the influenza epidemic, which lasted about eight weeks.

The heavy death toll from influenza was not confined to the army, of course. The census bureau obtained reports from forty-six cities including about one-fifth of the country's population. In these cities 82,000 deaths occurred from the epidemic, most of them from pneumonia. If the same rate was kept up throughout the country the number of deaths, must have exceeded 400,000. This was nearly four times the number of deaths from every cause that occurred in the army in two years of war.

Disease is a more deadly foe to the race than armed conflicts. It not only brings suffering and sorrow, but it steadily impairs the efficiency of the Nation and tends to pull down its standard of living. The preservation of the public health is a subject that calls for far more attention than it has received.—*Kansas City Times.*

RECONSTRUCTION AIDES IN FRANCE

We were indeed pioneer Reconstruction Aides, being the first occupational therapists to land in France.

The importance of "making good" had been painfully impressed upon us, for we were told the future of occupational therapy rested entirely upon our shoulders. We believed in our work and started out with a serious purpose. Our greatest stumbling block was a lack of funds and no material and this was never entirely overcome. At first the salvage pile was our

The Heart of a Gentleman

BIG BILL SEYMOUR, woods boss for the Sterling Lumber Co., of Timberville, Texas, was drunk. To the regional passerby not unused to such spectacles, as he lay sprawled in the shade of a tree, near the company store, a saddle for a pillow, enjoying that profound sleep usually attributed only to the just, he would have had the appearance of being in that condition described in the saw-mill vernacular as "drunk and down."

Bill's occasional asides from the straight and narrow line of duty were winked at by the Company. When he decided to purge his sorrows with "Boot Leg Whiskey," or to return from the county seat with an express package of "Joy Water" for an extended smile-fesh, he was allowed to proceed as best suited his taste and inclinations. For Bill was much too valuable a man to lose. Four years previously, when he took charge of "The Woods" at Timberville, everything there had been a confused and jumbled mass of fruitless efforts to keep the mill in a supply of logs, and to contend with excessive logging cost on the one hand and dissatisfied directors on the other.

From the very first month after "Bill had burst on a lost and ruined world," as the manager of the mill expressed it, the saws had not lost a day from lack of logs and 40% had been slashed out of logging expense. So when kingly Mr. Seymour laid aside his crown of cares for a day, nothing was said about it.

On this particular occasion he was rudely disturbed and his flicked consciousness began slowly to emerge from the alcoholic bath into which it had been plunged the night before, the heat or the flies, maybe a loud conversation within hearing through the open window of the office in the rear of the store had disturbed his stuporous slumbers. At last he sat up and listened. A woman was talking.

"George, I simply must go. My poor baby! You know as well as I do he is subject to convulsions when he has high fever. How can you ask me not to try to go when there's only the nurse to see to him? Yes, I know. He's seven years old, and Miss Arnold's a trained nurse, but that isn't like having his mother with him. Suppose he should die suddenly and unexpectedly, like our other baby, and me away? You must at least try it in the car."

"Imogene, please be reasonable. I have told you the woods are on fire on both sides of the road between here and the mill. Everything is as dry as a powder horn. The fire is spreading rapidly through the old cutting, full as it is of old dry tree tops and pine straw. Likely by this time some dead tree, burning at the root, has fallen across the road. We might get that far and another tree fall between us and camp before we could get back—and you know the answer. Then, again, the heat from the fire, together with this hot weather, might explode our gasoline tank and kill us both. I don't care to take the risk. You must wait until the train engine comes this afternoon. It's nine now, they will be here by five, it's only twenty miles, and we can be home by eight. I would 'phone for them to come after us, but the wire is burned down, as you know." There was finality in his tones.

"Yes, I know," insisted the woman, "but how about my baby in the meantime? Just think what could happen to him in the hours between nine and five," and she began to cry.

Big Bill Seymour raised himself a little higher and looked in the window to make sure. Yes, it was Mrs. Atkinson, the company auditor's wife. He had dined at her home one day that winter. Her kindly ways and simple manners had done much to rid him of gangling embarrassments on that occasion; and he had been grateful.

Bill's acquaintanceship with women was mostly confined to the slatternly viragoes of the saw-mill boarding houses, who fanned the flies, and waited at table while the men ate. So, to Bill, a "real lady" was a strange something to stand in awe of. Seeing this dainty little woman in tears was too much for Bill. Any helpless thing in pain or distress appealed to him. It boded ill for all parties concerned if Bill came upon one of his teamsters lashing his team. Twice he had all but killed men of that type; and a whip was not allowed to any driver under his control. He loved his horses and work oxen, but nearest to his heart was his big roadster, which had cost him a year's income.

He drove it exceedingly well, and the only recreation he had was driving this car up and down the country roads on Sunday.

He naturally thought of this roadster now as he saw Mrs. Atkinson's face buried in her arms on the table and her shoulders shaking with sobs. Rising unsteadily to his feet, he jiggled over to the well back of the store, washed his flushed face and aching head; and then he went over to the doctor's office.

"Say, Doc," he ordered, "give me a dose of dope that will sober me up and put some ginger in me."

The doctor complied, skilled by considerable experience with Bill's besetting sin, and the lumber mill boss retraced his steps, stopping at the office window to say haltingly:

"Say, Miss Atkinson, I can take you home in my car, if your boy is sick and needs you, and you want to go. I believe we can make it through them woods all right. I'll try it, anyhow, and be glad of the chanst, if you want to."

Mrs. Atkinson looked up from the office table, and Bill had the satisfaction of seeing her tear-filled eyes grow bright.

She jumped up and clapped her hands. "Oh! thank you, thank you. That'll be fine. Do you really think you can?"

"I know you can't," her husband interposed abruptly. "And Bill's a fool to risk his fine car, to say nothing of his life, and yours, trying to get through. Imogene, you can't go."

"George, ordinarily what you say goes, but not when my boy's ill. You don't understand how a mother feels. By five o'clock, waiting here, I'd be a raving lunatic. Don't say no, please, for I'm going."

So, pinning on her cap, she marched out of the office, with all the dignity of five feet of daintiness, and she was seated in Bill's car by the time he had it out of the shed.

So suddenly did all this take place that Atkinson had no time to protest. He saw Bill at the wheel, the powerful roadster humming to be gone. The auditor knew the independence of his wife's will when once she set her heart on doing a thing she had determined on. He knew that to try issues with Bill would be almost as fatal as carbolic acid. Bill could hold him out with one hand and tear him in small pieces with the other. So, making the best of a bad situation, he went across to the car, kissed his wife goodbye, watched them out of sight down the road, and returned to the business which had brought him to the Front—the auditing of the logging books.

When Bill's roadster got to biting off her explosions with a pleasing roar, his head began to clear, and his face to cool. "We're breezing now," he said.

The doctor's "dope" had also got in its work, so he soon felt as fit as if he had never been "drunk and down" in his life.

"Wait till we get goin'," Bill said, happily.

Mrs. Atkinson chatted along, like a pleased child, her cheeks reddening from the same wind that cleared Bill's head. Shy and diffident himself, he never knew what she said; besides, his practical head was busy with ways and means of getting through the two mile strip of forest fire which he knew that they must pass through a short distance down the road.

As they drew near the fire the atmosphere became hazy and smoky. Sparks and small pieces of burning bark floated over. The air became hotter than ever, and it was difficult for choked lungs to breathe. Bill stopped his car about half a mile from the fire, which was burning on both sides of the road. He let out the hot water in his radiator, putting in cold from a small creek which crossed the road. Then he took an old quilt from the back of the car, wet it thoroughly and tied it over the radiator in such a fashion as to protect his gasoline tank, which was in this make of car forward. He put in oil and hastily gave his running gear a look-over.

"Miss Atkinson, I want you to scrouge down here in the bottom of the car, and let me cover you with this slicker, and whatever you do, don't git in the way of my feet, and don't be skeered, for we are goin' through this fire if something don't break or a tree ain't across the road. If either o' them things happens," Bill added humorously, "we'll most likely be blowed up in more ways than one."

Mrs. Atkinson did as she was bid, meekly, as became a ninety-eight pound woman in the car of a hairy giant like Bill. So

throwing in his clutch, they started on the crucial part of their journey.

For the half mile of open road before they struck the heart of the burning pine woods Bill nursed his car for every ounce of speed. Mrs. Atkinson was bumped from side to side, and finally lay sprawled very unbecomingly over her side of the car, which was now roaring under a stress of oompty-oomp miles an hour. She knew almost as well as Bill that a crippled tire, a tree across the road, any obstruction in their path, would likely hurl them in the fire raging on both sides of them. Yet there was the lilt of a foolish little song in her throat, and in her head nothing but amusement at her undignified position on the bottom of the car. She could hear the roaring of the fire, as they tore along; she could feel the heat through the sides of the car. Her breath came in great gasps. The air was so hot that it burned her parched throat. Pieces of burning bark fell on the slicker which covered her. One piece fell between her and the side of the car, burning a hole in her flimsy summer dress. She put the fire out quickly.

Gradually the car began to slacken speed. The wheels would slip furiously, catch the road again, only to slip once more. She knew they must be in deep sand. The pace became slower and slower, uneven, jerky, and they finally stopped altogether. The heat was almost unbearable, but greater still was the stress of what was happening. What were they to do now? She raised the slicker and started to get up.

"Set back down," yelled Bill at her savagely. She caught a glimpse of a grimy face, purplish red from the fire, and from which the perspiration streamed. As she dropped hastily down again, Bill reversed his car and backed for a few yards, and then rushed forward at the deep sand, in which he had stalled. He did this repeatedly, gaining a little forward each time. Finally, when he had gained all he could in this way, he left the engine running in neutral, jumped out of the car, and began to scoop the sand from out the road in front of the car wheels with his hands. Again he would go forward as far as possible and repeat the same procedure as before, gaining a little ground each time. As they proceeded at this snail's pace upon their way, she heard a tree fall with a great crash across the road behind them. "The way back's closed," she thought. She heard the increasing roaring of the fire, augmented by the tree's fall. Shudderingly she thought of what would happen if another tree chanced to fall—in front of them.

Slowly, very slowly, the great car labored on through the sand. It seemed an age before it began to pick up momentum. At last they passed safely through. But her "Thank God," expressed to herself, changed almost in the saying to a gasp of horror as a big tree fell directly in front of them, brushing the front of the car as it came crashing down.

But her fear took second place with her admiration for the man at the wheel. Bill did not hesitate. Throwing the car into neutral he leaped out and went to the rear of the car, where he had an axe. Seizing this he rushed forward and chopped at the tree with great telling strokes. Overcome with the heat, he would stagger back to the car for a second to breathe, and then back again and at the tree.

To Mrs. Atkinson, who could only stand it to peep out from under the shelter of the slicker, this seemed hopeless.

"Oh, Mr. Seymour, you can't move that big tree even if you can last long enough to cut it in two. Oh! what shall we do?" she sobbed.

"I ain't trying to cut it in two," he roared at her. "I'm trying to chop the top away enough so we can go 'round it to the side."

"What! to the side through the fire? It will melt your tires. The gasoline will get on fire. Oh! there's no chance."

He chopped grimly. "Well, there ain't none settin' here, so we must do the best we kin."

Presently, after furious chopping, Bill yelled: "Look out, now, and hold on, we're goin' through."

Jumping in, he reversed his car, back to the edge of the deep sand, and with the added momentum the distance gave him, plunged forward to the right of the fallen tree, and through the fire. It was a breathless few seconds which seemed hours to the frightened woman. Would the heat fuse the tires, or ignite the gasoline? The car, driven with reckless speed and consummate skill, rocked from side to side from the rough going, crashed through pine boughs, and over small saplings, with fire and burning straw beneath, to emerge at last into the safe burned-over portion of the road to the grateful cool woods beyond.

Bill stopped the car, pulled the slicker off, and helped her to alight. Weak and faint as she was, she smiled at the spectacle she beheld. The redoubtable Bill was sooty and black as a charcoal burner. His face, under the grime and smoke, flushed a dark wine-red from the heat; his hands, gritty and covered with particles of sand, were raw and beginning to blister. Several holes had been burned through his shirt.

Mrs. Atkinson sat down on the bank of the creek, while he filled his radiator with cool water, washed his face and hands, and brought her a drink in his hat, chivalrously turned wrong side out for the purpose.

Once in the car again, and humming over a good road, they were soon at home. She prevailed upon him to come in while she saw about her boy. Satisfied as to his condition she returned with a glass of iced tea, and then she noticed the blisters forming on his face and hands.

"Oh! Mr. Seymour, let me get some cold cream to put on your poor face and hands."

"Shucks! That don't amount to nothin'," Bill exclaimed, putting down the empty glass.

But with ready sympathy and deft hands she was already ministering to his burns. Bill's embarrassment grew with each application.

"Now," she said, "that's better." She stepped back to view her work and put in finishing touches here and there. As she gently rubbed the cold cream on the weather-beaten, scarred face, besmirched with pine smoke, flushed and blistered from the forest fire, a great wave of thankfulness and gratitude towards this man for what he had risked and undergone that she might be at rest regarding her sick child, surged up in her heart, and swept away her sense of reserve and the proprieties. Oblivious to the consequences of gossiping neighbors across the narrow street, she threw her arms around his neck, hugged him to her breast, and frankly kissed him squarely on the mouth.

Realizing too late the enormity of her offense against Mrs. Grundy, she fled herself in a panic of embarrassment through the dining-room door. To his credit we must record that as she disappeared through this door, the badly frightened Bill made a hasty exit through the front, out to his car, and in five minutes was calling for a cold "sody" in the company store down near the mill.

The storekeeper leaned over the counter and whispered:

"Say, Mr. Seymour, I've got some of the real stuff back here in the flour room. Come back, and I'll give you a snort."

Bill hesitated. He felt the old thirst rise up inside; he was tired, and his throat parched from the hot breath of the flames. But, together with this, he also felt dainty arms around his neck, a scent of what seemed to him perfumed hair, the pulse of a wildly beating heart against his breast, and warm, soft lips against his. He felt that this had been the biggest experience in his life. Above the whine of the big saw over at the mill he seemed to hear a frightened voice say:

"Oh! whatever will you think of me now?"

Big Bill wiped his dry lips and said, "No, thankee, not fer me today. I'm on the water wagon. Trot out your soddy water."

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UNDER AUSPICES OF
THE NATIONAL CATHOLIC WAR COUNCIL

PHYSICAL CULTURE LESSONS FOR YOUNG AND OLD

BY GEORGE H. MCCLELLAN

NOW this series is not for the fellow who pats himself on the chest and says, "Oh, I am all right. I don't require that stuff." But when he gets a kink he is all in. I have seen a number of such laid away for the final bugle call, who, if they had taken care of what their maker had given them, would be with us today. On



George H. McClellan

the earnest solicitation of friends, who have chided me on my disinclination for publicity. I am offering my twenty-five years' experience, hoping that others may gain the same benefit as I.

Physical culture as it should be is for the purpose of prolonging life, health and the pursuit of happiness, as the Giver of all life intended it to be. When the time comes for the human machine to pay up for the over indulgence of early life, then there is recourse to patent medicines and alluring advertisements of sure cures, and in distraction the victim falls back on the medical practitioner—and he to make sure suggests a post-mortem examination

because he won't want to hazard a wrong diagnosis. As an old legend relates of an ancient king who was ailing, and one of his attendants suggested a monk with a reputation for wonders. The monk arrived in due time, and after looking him over, said he would send him a stick with a medicated handle, and the only way he could effect a cure would be to go out in the fields and bat things around until the perspiration of his hands would release the magic in the handle. Presto, the king appointed him his Father Confessor.

What do you suppose Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie and a host of others who have the leisure are batting a little ball around the fields for? Because they have been advised by some wise M. D. monk of the present day to do so, to prolong their lives. Now the trouble with the great majority is they can't play golf every nice day, as they have to chase the elusive dollar. Therefore, that is the reason I am putting my twenty-five years' experience before the readers of the Mess-Kit, so they may get the same or even better results without the use of a large acreage, and other paraphernalia, which is somewhat costly without counting the loss of time. My system will cost you only the time you take from sleep in the morning, with will power and a little common sense thrown in.

It is simply a stretching process, before arising in the morning, in conjunction with what will be shown later, which has not been touched on by any of the many exponents of the art of keeping well, which consists of expansion, contraction, and reversing the blood pressure.

Have you ever noticed how an animal will stretch itself after a sleep? Of course, the animal has accustomed its muscles to that stretching process, but we humans who have been in the habit of jumping out of bed, and jumping into our clothes, then scatter a little water over our face and hands, and rush down to breakfast, will have a little trouble to get into shape; so don't try to go the limit. When starting in, go slowly, gently, don't strain until the muscles are in shape to stand a strain; feel your way; keep your mind on each set of muscles in stretching. I have seen young men not over thirty years of age to whom I have shown certain movements which were easy for me because

of long practice, but in their case—muscle strain. Also men around the 40's or 50's who would strain on the most simple movement out of the ordinary.

You have no doubt heard of the man who, when the colt was born, started to lift it each day until it became a horse. Of course, it must have been done in harness.

I should think the foregoing would be ample warning to those inclined to rush things before getting into condition.

I will lead those of our readers who will follow me through the entire series to the summit of physical perfection, or at any rate will put them in better condition than they were or are at present (barring incurable trouble). Even they may be benefited, as there is many so-called. If the muscles in that section are limbered up gradually, one can tell after a few trials whether benefit is derived. If successful, then persistence is the keynote, and no let up even after gaining your point.

The first move I make after awakening in the morning:

Remove the pillow, twist the head from side to side, so that each cheek will touch the bed, which will limber up the muscles of the neck, the upper chest and upper back, including the upper part of the spine. As you may know, the spinal cord has sixty-four very sensitive branches, thirty-two on each side, leading all over the body, and the least trouble with any of these branches goes with their complaint to the fountainhead (the spinal cord), which instantly sets up a rumpus, and starts the poor victim's seat of intelligence (the brain) to worry and imagine he or she has all the diseases on the calendar. A little daily care of the human machine (and it is a wonderful machine when one stops to think) will return larger dividends for a smaller outlay than the best investment ever made. If any movement should hurt on the first trial persist with judgment; don't get cold feet. The next move—still on the back—swing the lower jaw from side to side, and while doing this move, and the one to follow, place the finger at the hinge of the jaw below the ear, so as to see what beneficial action must be gained both to the ear section as well as the jaw joints. Now drop the lower jaw as far as possible and raise to shut position a few times; these two motions will keep the ear wax from accumulating and ward off deafness when the ear drum is not punctured; next contract the muscles of the throat, so as to feel the skin move up and down, as far as the upper chest. Now don't pass this up as being no good. I adopted it to counteract the stiffening of the throat muscles whenever I yawned, and accomplished what I was after. I can yawn to the limit and no further trouble. These three motions will reduce a double chin and will eliminate that flabby appearance of the throat and cut down that superabundance of flesh on the face to normal.

The next is the eyes (still on the back). Move them in a complete circle, looking along the extreme edge of the circle and reverse. This movement exercises the muscles of the eyes and relieves eye strain in most cases and in others wards it off. Next place the tips of the fingers and the thumbs of each hand together and force them back, and while forcing, swing the hands back and forward, forming nearly a circle, which motion can be felt from the tips of the fingers to the shoulders. Next move the body upward with legs flat on the bed, bending at the trunk; the hinge of this movement is at the hip joints. This is an old movement and a good one to help bring down an extended abdomen, and will also strengthen the muscles of the abdomen if it can't be done without raising the legs; place something heavy on the feet, enough to keep them down, until it can be done without the weight; now this is a great motion for the muscles of the abdomen and if persisted in will make the muscles of that section like a bunch of wire, and with the following movement will bring the waist line down to normal. If these two motions were persisted in we would not see so many people whose abdomen looked as if they had swallowed a watermelon whole. While on the back, raise and lower the abdomen by muscular power; if not used to it, feel your way, keep your mind on that section while doing. After you have accomplished this movement to perfection, do it on retiring as well as in the morning, as it expels any gas in that section, which sometimes is a bad companion, and some have recourse to peppermint or hot drinks. Now for another good one. Place the heels on the top of the foot of the bed, then raise the trunk clear of the bed, swing the body from side to side, then twist the body, or in, other words, turn it from side to side. Then move trunk up and down. These movements will limber up all the back muscles controlling the body from the feet to the shoulders, and strengthen that section of the human machine.

(To be continued)

FAREWELL TO MAJOR J. I. SLOAT

(Continued from page 1)

will see visualized all of those with whom you worked and the pleasant memories of companionship, the old jokes, the old heartaches, the pleasant times we have had together will come to you again. Soon we will be separated and scattered to the four corners of this land, but I don't think that we will ever quite forget the hard work and the good times we have had together, and we are sure that one of the most pleasant of these memories will be our association with Mr. and Mrs. Sloat.

W. P. B.

U. S. A. Base Hospital,
Camp Merritt, N. J.

September 3, 1919.

Hospital Order No. 123.

1. Pursuant to War Department instructions, dated July 18, 1919, and in compliance with Paragraph 20, Special Order 242, Headquarters, Port of Embarkation, Hoboken, N. J., current series, the undersigned hereby relinquishes command of this hospital.

In so doing I desire to express my heartfelt appreciation of

the loyal, faithful and courteous cooperation that has been afforded me during my administration by the officers, nurses and enlisted men on duty here. The history of the base hospital is one of astonishing results achieved by unremitting energy, backed by a keen desire to serve whole-heartedly to make a success of a big job on the part of every member of the hospital personnel. Your days have been filled with difficult tasks which have called for ability, patience and self-sacrifice on your part. At times you have been called upon to do things which one ignorant of your achievements would have pronounced impossible.

In no instance have you failed—in fact, you have done more than was believed to be possible. The fine spirit which has actuated you in the performance of your duties has accomplished results of which you may all be proud.

In leaving this station for other fields I do so with heartiest good wishes to one and all and with assurance that the splendid record for efficiency which your efforts have established will be perpetuated.

J. I. SLOAT,

Major, Medical Corps, U. S. A.

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